



PUBLISHED BY SOLOMON SIAS, FOR THE NEW-ENGLAND AND MAINE CONFERENCE OF THE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH....B. BADGER, EDITOR.

Vol. III.

BOSTON: WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 24, 1825.

No. 34.

ZION'S HERALD.

PRINTED AT THE CONFERENCE PRESS—CONGRESS STREET.

CONDITIONS:

Ten Dollars and Fifty Cents a year—One half payable the first of January, the other the first of July.

No subscription received for less than half a year.

The papers will be forwarded to all subscribers until a request is made for their discontinuance.

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ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

FOR ZION'S HERALD.

GREAT EFFECTS THE RESULT OF SMALL CAUSES.

The majestic river that rolls in grandeur, and bears on its bosom the interchanges of nations, probably owes its existence to some insignificant spring that rises at the foot of the mountain. The mighty empire of Rome, that once exerted a powerful influence upon the destinies of the world, was indebted for its origin to the puny efforts of two obscure men, who, till then, were unknown to story or to song. The gigantic United States, that now embrace in their vast extent almost every soil and climate, and nourish in their bosom more than ten millions of freemen, arose to their present importance among the nations of the earth, through the enterprising spirit of a few despised pilgrims, who fled from tyranny and intolerance. The kingdom of heaven itself was once as a grain of mustard seed; but, behold, it has become a great tree! The top thereof reaches to heaven, and the wide spreading boughs afford shelter to the whole race of guilty man. The plain, simple preaching of a few despised Galileans, has done more towards reforming the world, than all the combined wisdom or philosophy of ages could possibly have accomplished. The conversion of one individual has often been the means of rescuing thousands from the thralldom of guilt and sin. Witness the case of the woman of Samaria! After she had tasted of the water of life, she informs the listening multitude of its invaluable worth. They crowd around the Saviour with breathless anxiety, to drink of his healing streams! Behold a Lydia, first brought to grace upon the unsullied shores of the Redeemer, through the preaching of Paul. She opened her house to receive the persecuted ministers of Jesus. A church was planted, which soon, like the towering oak, had defiance to all the storms of persecution, and continued, in the strength of Israel's God, with the proud hosts of earth and hell.

How ought these circumstances to encourage us to labor with diligence in the several spheres in which Providence has called us to move. Let none say, they are without the means of doing good. One grain of seed cast into the vineyard of the Lord, may produce a harvest, the benefit of which may be realized by its eternity. We may be instrumental in kindling a spark of grace in one soul, that may cause our names to be revered, and our memories cherished, when the wave of oblivion shall have obliterated the achievements of the most illustrious heroes.

How much is the world indebted to the amiable mother of a Wesley, for those instructions which she gave him, as he clanked his morning and evening prayers, in hissing accents before the throne of his God. Ah, yes, posterity will reverse her name! Nations yet unborn, will rise up and call her blessed!

Let parents labor for the Lord in the education of their children. Let them not despise the day of small things. Implant in their minds the seeds of piety; cherish in their hearts the sacred principles of religion. As soon as their infant tongues can lip the name of parent, teach them that they have a Father in heaven. Should they be as the salt of the earth, or as a city set on a hill, that cannot be hid. Their influence will be salutary in society. Their light will shine in this world of darkness, like the bright rays of the morning sun. Thus may your influence be felt, when you are sleeping beneath the folds of the valley! Thus may you live in the affections of a virtuous offspring, when the green turf shall press lightly upon your grave.

Let the teachers of Sabbath schools remember, that their pious exertions, though small in the estimation of the world, may be attended with the greatest effects. Already, some of the brightest luminaries of the church date their conversion from the instructions of a Sabbath school. We can scarcely read a periodical publication, without noticing accounts of the beneficial effects resulting from the labors of pious individuals in these nurseries of virtue. Their patrons and teachers have reason to rejoice that their exertions have not been in vain in the Lord.

The friends of missions ought to be encouraged, by these considerations, to give of their substance to send the gospel to the destitute. How much have the faithful labors of the devoted missionary accomplished! He has been instrumental in planting the standard of the cross, among the savages of the wilderness; on the shores of India; in the islands of the sea; yea, we may add, in the frozen climes of the north, where snows eternal never yield to the solar ray of a meridian sun. Does the taunting infidel, or the cold hearted Christian ask, what great good can result from the feeble efforts of missionary societies, we will point them to the converted Hindoo, or the peaceful cottage of a Christian Indian, and say, these are our epistles, know them and read of all men.

How ought these considerations to stimulate us,

who labor in the ministry, to "go forward," to "warn every man, and to teach every man in all wisdom, that we may present every man perfect in Christ Jesus." Though we are but "earthen vessels," though we often tremble under the sense of the greatness of our work, and the language of our hearts is, "who is sufficient for these things?" Yet ours is a glorious and important yea, we may say, an awful work, on account of the great effects that attend it. If we are faithful, we shall be instrumental in the salvation of souls, whose existence must run parallel with the eternity of God. On the other hand, our unfaithfulness must serve to sink them down to the regions of endless death. What effects will result from our activity or indolence? Who can tell? They are beyond the powers of a finite mind to conceive of. Neither can an angel's tongue describe them!

Finally, let us, as ministers, as private Christians, as parents, as instructors of youth, engage heartily in our work, knowing that it has an important bearing upon eternity, and that the fruit it produces will be found beyond the bounds of this transitory world.

E. I.

Danville, Vt. Aug. 4.

FOR ZION'S HERALD.

MR. BADGER,

The money that is given to Education Societies, for the purpose of educating young men of hopeful piety for the ministry, is an offering consecrated to God, and ought not to be wasted and spent for that which is not essentially necessary to accomplish the object for which it is dedicated. The writer humbly conceives that it is in part wasted, when such men are educated at college; because, a large proportion of the classical studies there pursued are unnecessary for a minister, *as such*. What are necessary? The Latin, Greek, and Hebrew languages, grammar, common arithmetic, logic, rhetoric, and geography. These are all that directly conduce to fit a man for the gospel ministry; and he may learn them in about half, or at most two thirds of the time that is usually taken to obtain a collegiate education. Can any candid man say that it is necessary for a minister to understand geometry, trigonometry, algebra, logarithms, the calculation of eclipses, fluxions, conic sections, hydrostatics, hydraulics, chemistry, and botany? These are a part of the studies at college; not to mention the whole systems of metaphysics, from Zeno to Stewart, and Locke, whose notions have made more skeptics than Christians, a hundred to one.

Some of the books studied at college are not only unnecessary, but hurtful. It is true they are written by men of great genius, and the matter which they contain is vicious; it is wicked. If they are written in a beautiful style, the gilding of the poison makes it so much the more dangerous. The libidinous Horace and Ovid must be condemned, as improper books for youth; and the bacchanalian odes of Anacreon must bear the same censure. What use is it to the pious to study Homer's Iliad, whose subject is "the wrath of Achilles," for the loss of his captive Briseis, who served him for a concubine? Can such books as these be necessary for a gospel minister, *as such*? The writer respectfully objects to the expenditure of the donations of the pious for such studies as these.

We might, and perhaps ought, in justice to go further, and object to most of our colleges, as improper places for the habitation of young Christians. "Evil communications corrupt good manners." Vice is contagious; and it cannot be denied, but that there is more danger than common at those places. We are not disposed to offend any one; much less so powerful a body as those we speak of. But duty to God requires us to speak the whole truth on this occasion; and let any honest young man who has been at college two years, lay his hand on his heart, and deny it, if he can. We think that young ministers ought to be educated at a seminary, that receives for scholars, none but sober, steady, moral young men. "The harvest is great, and the laborers are few." It is our duty not only to pray for more laborers, but to use all the means within human power to hasten them into the field which is ready for their work. The ministers of the gospel are sometimes compared to an army of soldiers. No general will have a large army who requires every soldier, before he can pass muster, to spend one thousand dollars for his accoutrements; and such men would be apt to want large wages for their services, more than common people could well afford to pay. Were selfish principles to guide us, we might rejoice when the leaders of our foes adopt a plan of this kind; but when it is adopted by our friends, we cannot but feel some regret. The success of the gospel among all sects must be the desire of every pious mind; and to promote it, these observations are humbly offered for the consideration of every true friend of the Lord Jesus Christ, let him be of what order he may.

B.

FOR ZION'S HERALD.

MR. FISK'S EXAMINATION OF MR. PICKERING'S REVIEW.

(CONTINUED.)

We are under the disagreeable necessity, in following our reviewer to the next subject, to call his attention and the attention of the reader, to another very essential mistake, in the statement of the doctrine of the sermon. It respects the author's views of the infinite criminality of sin. Mr. Pickering says that "Mr. F. in preparing the way for his argument on the extent of rewards and punishments, effectually saps its foundation, by acknowledging that the powers of man are limited." Now who that had not read the sermon, would suppose, on reading this statement in the review, and Mr. F.'s reasoning upon it, that the sentiment contained for in the sermon was, that sin is infinite, that is, followed by infinite consequences, only in the sense that man is infinite, viz. in duration. On page 9th it is said—"The question with us at this time, is not so much what will be the degrees of hap-

pineness and misery, as what will be their duration. A being of limited powers, all must acknowledge, is capable of only limited degrees of enjoyment or suffering.—And as men's capacities and means of improvement differ, so also, we may rationally suppose, they will differ in their degrees of enjoyment and suffering, in another world." And again—"There is not the same cause certainly to limit the duration of enjoyment and suffering, as must of necessity operate, to limit the degree." And for this plain reason—"Man will desire for ever." And again, in a note on page 13—"It is not pretended, in any of these arguments, that sin is an act of infinite magnitude—this would be inconsistent with the limited faculties of man. But it is what may entail infinite consequences on the transgressor." Now after all these explanations and definitions, how the reviewer could understand the sermon as teaching, that a cause can produce an effect which transcends its own limits, I know not. Except it be, that Universalists are so fond of this argument, they are always determined to log it in, whether it is applicable or not. Only mention the infinite consequences of sin, to a Universalist, and how quick will you get this reply: "Is not man a finite being? And can an effect transcend its cause?" To such questions, let it be answered once for all—Man is an infinite being, in the duration of his future existence, and the consequences of his acts may run parallel with his infinite nature. It would be easy indeed to show that the effects of a man's works, in many instances, are not limited by the cause which produced them: for the effects of many men's labors are seen, long after their death, and would be equally so, if death were the total extinction of their being. So that, in every view, the above reasoning is unmeaning and absurd. But it is very certain, if a man be limited in his existence, the effects of his character or works could not affect him, beyond the limits of that existence. If, therefore, Mr. P. will prove that man will be annihilated, then he will prove, that, however extensive the effects of his conduct may be, they will not affect himself, only for a limited time, viz. till the extinction of his being. Until he does this, we may, with some necessary variation, retort his own statement upon himself. "When Mr. P. or any one else, can produce any proof, *a priori*, that an effect cannot extend parallel with its cause, he will then, and not till then, be able to keep his theory of infinite cause, and finite effect, in countenance."

On the whole, it appears to me the greater part of Mr. P.'s reasoning, on this subject, is as if one should say, an interminable line is not infinite, because it is infinitely deep and broad. Such reasoning, it will readily be seen, cannot be answered. It need not be answered. All the arguments therefore of the reviewer, against the infinite consequences of sin, so far as they go to limit the degree, and not the duration of those consequences, are entirely aside from the subject, and have nothing to do with the present controversy. Here we are agreed. We differ in this—One says sin is an evil that deserves infinite punishment; that is, in duration, (for that is the only sense in which the sinner can receive infinite punishment,) and the other denies that sin is of such infinite desert. The former is the doctrine of the sermon, and of all the believers, in the infinite sanctions of God's law—the latter is the doctrine of the review, and of those who are Universalists. In support of the latter opinion, and in opposition to the former, (for arguments in favor of Universalism, are generally in the form of objections to other systems,) it is argued—1. That the doctrine of the infinite desert of sin, is inconsistent with man's limited powers. This has already been answered, by showing that man possessed unlimited powers, in the same sense, that his punishment will be unlimited. 2. It destroys all distinction of criminality arising from the degrees of crime. 3. It makes every man an equal criminal, contrary to the doctrine of Christ. 4. It renders it impossible for a man to wax worse and worse, as the scriptures say some do. 6. It places all sinful acts on a level, making *partial* larceny equal to murder. These, I believe, are the substance of all the objections, contained in the review, though spread out over five numbers. And who does not see at a glance, that all these objections are founded on the idea, that the sermon taught, sin deserved an infinite degree of punishment? Mr. P. seems to suppose, there can be no other infinite. A line is not a line, unless it is a square or cube. The criminality of sin, runs not parallel with endless duration, unless it is infinitely high and infinitely low—infinitely deep and infinitely broad. In vain does the reviewer explain its meaning, and define its terms, again and again. In vain is there a note inserted on page 13, to prevent all mistakes. The reviewer had got magnitude in his mind, and magnitude he would have it, whether the author of the sermon would or not. I suppose he found it easier contending against the idea of infinite magnitude, than that of infinite duration, and therefore set up that idea to oppose, as promising an easier and more certain victory. But Mr. P. is not allowed to choose his own antagonist, in this controversy. Much less will he be allowed to say, as he most erroneously has said, the author of the sermon "is laboring to persuade us, that sin is of a character strictly unforgotten." How could a man, even in the heat of controversy, so far forget himself, and disregard the sentiments of his opponent, and the principles of fairness, due to every man, whether he be for or against us, as to make such a statement, in the very face of what he had before him. The doctrine of the sermon is, that sin is infinite, not in the magnitude of the act, but in the ill-desert of the crime, and therefore would be followed by infinite punishment, not in degree, for that is impossible, but in duration. And this view of the subject, while it stamps sin with infinite demerit, leaves room, at the same time, to punish all the different varieties, and multiplied numbers of those various and numerous sins, of which men are guilty, according to the different degrees of that guilt. Thus, a man may commit one sin against God, and this deserves one degree of infinite punishment; a second sin deserves two degrees of infinite punishment, and so on, according to their nature, their nature, the capacity of the sinner, &c. And this is "to heap every floodgate of iniquity," as Mr. P. says. If threatened punishment can have any influence in shutting these floodgates, and this, his reasoning evidently implies; then I leave the judicious to decide.

The reviewer says, "this note is tantamount to an acknowledgment, that all the arguments, which the writer of the sermon had advanced, were perfectly nugatory and absurd." He was obliged to say so, or own the inaptitude of his arguments, to this subject. The truth is, he had mistaken the subject, and had been contending against what neither I, and I think no other man ever pretended to believe, and then appears dissatisfied because we had not fitted the subject to his objections! Had he known these objections the truth could not have been accommodated to them. This would have been like some pieces in the Telescope, pretending in opposition to Universalism, but evidently accommodated to the answer that follows. This is the kind of opposition pieces, that the Telescope is willing to publish.

I am glad Universalists are at length willing to acknowledge, that threatened punishment is a barrier to vice. I hope this is a principle by which, hereafter they will be willing to abide. The stronger these barriers are the better. What God has built up, let not man try to pull down.

The reviewer says, "the mad presumption of man calls liberty." Liberty is only to be found in him. "His truth shall set us free," and make us experience, that to serve him is to reign. FENELON.

THE EPISTLE.

From the yearly meeting held in London, by adjournments, from the 18th of the Fifth Month, to the 26th of the same, inclusive, 1825.

To the Quarterly and Monthly Meetings of Friends in Great Britain, Ireland, or elsewhere.

DEAR FRIENDS,

We have sensibly felt the loss of some of our dear and honored friends, whose labors in the work of the

Lord have in former years been blessed to this meeting; and who have long been examples to the flock by the humility and piety of their lives. But through the mercy of the Most High, we have been strengthened in the humbling persuasion, that in his unfailing goodness, he is still continuing to bless us, and that he has condescended to be near us in this our annual assembly. In the fellowship of the gospel, we therefore again salute you, our endeared brethren and sisters, wherever situated; desiring that amongst you, and in all the families of the earth, the love of God, through Jesus Christ our Lord, may increase and abound exceedingly.

My elder brethren and sisters, who have passed and are passing through many tribulations and conflicts, continue to trust in the Lord; in the full belief that as they persevere unto the end, their exercises for the salvation of their own souls, and for the prosperity of the church, will, through the mediation of our Redeemer, be rewarded with a glorious immortality. And we exhort those who are in the meridian of life, whose time and talents ought to be devoted to the service of the truth, to exercise a sound judgment in the fear of the Lord, and to be firm and steadfast in their respective allotments. And as we have rejoiced in the belief that many in early life have yielded to the visitations of heavenly love, we do very tenderly entreat those to hold fast that wherein they have attained; to wait before the Lord in reverence and humility for further preparation for usefulness in his service, and with meekness and diffidence, yet with zeal and fidelity, to pursue the path of obedience. And O! that we may all be manifesting our attachment to the genuine, unchangeable principles of the gospel. An adherence to its doctrines has been the support of our predecessors; both of those who were instruments in gathering us to be a distinct religious society, and of their faithful successors down to the present time. The principles embrace faith in that redemption which comes by Jesus Christ who ever liveth as our intercessor with the Father, and in the immediate teachings of the Holy Spirit.

It is indeed the great duty of every one who professes the name of Christ, to estimate these highly important truths. It ought to be his frequent concern, by watchfulness unto prayer, (a duty often enjoined, but which cannot be too deeply impressed,) to imitate the example of our blessed Saviour, and to obey his sacred precepts. If thus concerned, he will be anxious by an honest examination to ascertain, whether, by a daily course of self-denial, he is evincing his sense of the marvellous love displayed by the coming in the flesh, and as a sacrifice for sin, of the Son of God, who is "the light of the world." (John viii. 12.)

We are persuaded, beloved friends, that if these solemn subjects have their due place in the mind, you will become fearful, lest the love of the world should dispossess you of the love of God. In this day of comparative outward ease, and exemption from great suffering, in the support of our views of the pure and spiritual nature of the gospel, it especially behooves us to be on our guard that we be not gradually drawn aside from the simplicity of the truth as it is in Jesus. It is upon this principle, of simplicity that our testimony to plainness in speech, behavior and apparel rests. And believing as we do, that nothing ought to be esteemed little that forms a part of our Christian duty, we would exhort all our members to an entire consistency on these points. But we could remind you, dear friends, that this simplicity includes clothing more; and that it is also incumbent upon us to consider whether we are not in danger of following the vain fashions of the world in the decorations of our houses; and whether, whilst given to hospitality, we are sufficiently careful to observe due moderation in our manner of living.

At a period when the Christian religion is advocated, and its inestimable blessings are made known, to an extent exceeding that in any former age of the world, it becomes a people who so openly profess a belief in the immediate guidance of the spirit of truth, to be peculiarly watchful and circumspect in their whole lives and conversation, and to keep themselves loose from the entangling snares of the world. They will then further see the importance of guarding on one hand against the adoption of opinions which would weaken their faith in the safe guidance of this heavenly Instructor, whilst, on the other, an humble conviction of the inestimable value of this unmerited gift of God will lead them to speak with reverent caution of its teachings, and to fear lest they should ascribe the workings of their own imaginations to the revelations of the Most High.

The consistent Christian will make no compromise of principle. When persecution does not await him, it will be his earnest prayer that whilst he thankfully enjoys the temporal blessings dispensed by the all-bounteous giver, he may not so fix his heart upon these fading treasures, as to be unprepared, should the day of trouble overtake him, to stand with uprightness, and to adorn his profession by patiently enduring affliction. Whilst upon a well grounded conviction, he is satisfied that he ought to be aiming at a perfect standard, he will be solicitous that no part of his demeanor, that none of his transactions among men, may tend to diminish the excellence of that standard in the view of those with whom he associates.

He that is concerned to support the character of a follower of Christ, (and who amongst us would disclaim this character?) ought to be earnest in his endeavor that accessions of wealth be not in any way disqualifying him for the discharge of every duty. Those who, whilst honestly and diligently endeavoring to provide for their families, have to encounter many difficulties, have a strong claim on the sympathy of their friends, yet they need not fear, as they continue to place their whole trust in our heavenly Father, but that he will care for them in such a way as he sees meet. But if any, whether of the more affluent, or of those who cannot be ranked in this class, are deviating from safe and regular methods of business, if they are carried away by uncertain and hazardous, though plausible schemes for getting rich, if they yield to a desire rapidly to enlarge their possessions, such are in imminent danger. They cannot justly expect the blessing of the Most High on such pursuits; their spiritual eye becomes dim; and they do not perceive with clearness that light which would enable them to perfect holiness in the fear of God. And we believe that if there were a due attention to this light, there would be a larger proportion of our numbers qualified to fill the stations of Elders and Overseers amongst us. When the duties of these offices are faithfully discharged, it greatly tends to the edification of the body in love. How beautiful and how safe would be our condition, if we were all endeavoring, each in his proper allotment, to walk in humility and devotedness of heart before the Lord.

The practice of frequent retirement in spirit greatly assists us on our way to the kingdom of heaven. If an impartial review of our conduct then takes place, and if it is sincere and secret petition is raised for Almighty help, we are led from an undue attachment to the things of this life, and our hopes and dependence are increasingly placed upon our Holy Redeemer. The sacred truths of the Bible are often at

God has, I believe, given me repentance, in his Son. Now I feel as if God was my father, and heaven my home. Am I or my family in distress, he kindly removes the affliction, or it for good. The rain and the silver dew will. Oh how pleasant it is, to have him for my family. He gives us good things in this world, a hope of entering into his rest hereafter. I believe after death, there are more heard, or hath entered into the least of heaven—that you may partake of this blessing, is the prayer of affectionate son.

One Christian may do much good.

sixth century, Al-Noman, king of Hira, a companion and his way while on a business. Night coming on, he at length found rest under the roof of a poor Arab. Soon the king, in a drunken frolic, ordered two excited companions to be burned alive, a hour of intoxication had passed, and he had fallen, he bitterly repented of his crime; and a spiteful offence, he set apart two days in honor of his companions. On the first day, he sacrificed the first person he met, a second, dismissed the first who met him, and the unfortunate days, he met, as the first Arab, who once so kindly entertained him. In gratitude for this favor, the king, at the request of the Arab, granted him a year's permission to go to a distant province, he could obtain any one to be his security, and the Arab departed, promising to return, on the expiration of the year, and suffer death. The day appointed, the Arab returned. The king, at his return, inquired, "Why have you offered yourself to death, when you might have been the death of your substitute?" "My dear ruler," the Arab calmly, taught me to do so."

The prince, delighted to hear of a religion such conduct, inquired into its nature, and saved the life of the Christian Arab—abolished custom—and thus was Christianity introduced into his kingdom.—*Saïe's Prelim. Dis.*

his divine mercy, says Sadi, the philosopher, of a certain vicious man into a society of reprobates, whose manners were pure and holy. With their virtues, he quickly began to imitate, and all his former habits: in a word, to a life of justice, sobriety, patience, industry and piety. His good works were undeniable, but he was not worthy motives. They said for judging him by what he had been, but that he was. Overwhelmed with sorrow, he with his tears into the bosom of an ancient sage, who was more wise and just, as well as more than any man.

son," said the old man to him, "return to the Almighty, that thou art superior to all men. Happy he who can say, my enemies and my sinners are my friends, and my friends are my enemies. If thou art good, what matters it to thee that these and even punish thee, as being evil? Hast thou not for the comfort thy own testimonies of thy actions, God and thy conscience?"

CHOICE ADVICE.

your time so fully with useful employments, that you have no leisure for a doubtful choice. Endeavor further to acquire such a strong duty, such a taste for contemplations of a God, and such well-arranged habits of sacred devotion, as may surmount the temptation to idle or unimportant amusement, moments of time so much more profitably given to the mind of making your calling and election sure. And the claims which your family, your friends, and society, have upon your hours of retirement, the importance of employing those hours, few or many, that your body and mind may be kept for the returning duties of each successive day, guard against habits of idleness, and be not ashamed to own that there are many duties which neither your time nor your taste ought to be acquainted, and least of all, with the tale that happens to be the subject of popular conversation.

REWARD OF DISHONESTY.

only sailor who perished in the Kent. I have learned by the British Sailor's Magazine, sent in the hold very shortly after the event of the fire which destroyed the vessel, and which was the cause of the confusion, he hastened to the second mate, forced open the locked door, and from thence 400 sovereigns, which he rolled in a bundle, and tied round his waist; but in going to leap into one of the boats, he fell short, and his spurs caused him immediate death. A unhappy sailor, of what avail was his lot when he lifted up his eyes in an eternal world, where he had gained the whole and could have put it round him. It would only sink him deeper and quicker into the bottomless sea of many millions of immortal souls have gone to this abyss, loaded with ill-gotten wealth!

unkind reformer.—A farmer in England, who in many years in the practice of coming home from a market-town, one day observed signs of rain while he was in market. His cut, and ready to be home; to save it he returned in haste to his farm, before he had taken any home to his farm. Upon coming into one of his children, a boy of six years old, and another, and cried out, "Oh! mother, father has come and he is not drunk." The father, with an exclamation, was severely rebuked by it, suddenly became a sober man.

following hitherto unpublished anecdote may be as authentic.—A gentleman, residing in the provinces of France, was under the necessity of quitting his paternal estate during the war. Just prior to leaving it, however, he pronounced his money and other valuables to a considerable amount, in a place known only to him. He then left the country, and resided for many years, during which he was much distressed in his circumstances. On the fall of Bonaparte in 1815, he returned to France, and, by dint of sagacity and solicitations among his few remaining friends in that country, he succeeded in raising a money sufficient to purchase his former estate, and to return to his paternal home. As soon as the purchase was complete, he got a carpenter, and invited him to accompany him to the house, the period of his having expired. When they got to a certain place, he ordered the man to remove some planks from the floor which he pointed out, which being done, he saw he had secreted many years before was undisturbed, from which he instantly repaid his equals to their astonishment and satisfaction.

INDIAN SILENTNESS.

delivered me unto thee, hath the greater sin, glad," said the Rev. Dr. Y.—as to the chief little Ottawa, "that you do not drink whilst it grieves me to find that your people use so much fire." "Ah yes!" replied the chief, and he fix expressive eye upon the doctor which communicated the reproach before he uttered it. "We Indians eat deal of whiskey, but we do not make use of

such times brought to remembrance with consolation and strength. It is one among the many evidences of the divine authority of Holy Scripture, that, in the various ages of the Christian church, its valuable contents have produced in true believers a harmonizing sense of their blessed effects. If, in humility, and in reliance upon the spirit which gave them forth, we are diligent in reading these sacred writings, we become increasingly sensible of their value. We are then prepared from our own experience to say that they are able to make us wise unto salvation through faith in Jesus Christ, we readily subscribe to the truth of the position, that in order to the accomplishment of this great end they need no human comment; and we are anxious that our fellow men, in every region of the globe, may possess, and be able to read the volume of inspiration.

As it is the natural effect of obedience to the love of Christ revealed in the heart, to enlarge our love to others, the more we are brought under the influence of this principle the more we shall be prepared to employ a portion of our time and of our substance, in promoting the temporal and spiritual welfare of mankind. We therefore desire that a disposition for active benevolence may be cherished in every heart, each being concerned to know for himself in what way, consistently with his private and social duties, he may employ his talents for the good of others, and steadily to persevere in what he may have rightly undertaken; with a constant reference to the divine blessings; not with a view to popularity or ostentation, but simply as acting the part of a wise and faithful servant who must give an account to his Lord at his coming.

No subject of this description has more interested our feelings, from year to year, than the continuance of the slave trade, and the degraded condition of those who are kept in bondage. In the course of our present deliberations, the cruelties of this horrid system of injustice have again called forth our deep condemnation; and we earnestly desire notwithstanding the slow progress that is made in this great cause, that no discouragement may prevail, but rather that all may be incited to labor with greater zeal for the utter abolition of the slave trade and of slavery.

The importance of rightly training the youthful mind in very early life has again claimed our serious attention, and we cannot better convey our present concern than by reviving the following pertinent counsel: "We tenderly, affectionately, yet earnestly entreat such as are parents, or have the care of children, that they be very early and firm in endeavoring to inculcate them to a due subjection of their will; that having maturely weighed the injunctions which they find necessary to impose, they suffer them not to be disregarded and disobeyed. The habit of obedience, which only thus is induced, will render the relation of parent and child additionally endearing; and as it will prepare the infant mind for a more ready reception of the necessary restraints of the cross, it may be considered, in part, as preparing the way of the Lord; whilst those who neglect to inculcate the tender minds of their children to parental authority, and connive at their early tendencies to lawless gratifications, are, more or less, making way for the enemy and destroyer."

In connection with the usual proceedings of the meeting, it has been reported that the sufferings of our members, including the charges of distrait, have amounted to upwards of twelve thousand nine hundred pounds. With very few exceptions, they have been incurred in support of our Christian testimony against tithes and other ecclesiastical claims. We have received Epistles from all the American Yearly Meetings, and one from Ireland, and can again observe that this mode of intercourse strengthens the bond of fellowship with our beloved and distant brethren.

We may thankfully acknowledge, that after carefully reviewing the situation of our Society, we have no ground for increased discouragement in regard to the state of things amongst us. We have had abundant cause to speak well of the goodness and power of our Heavenly Father, whose banner over us has been long; and in conclusion, we desire reverently to commend you to God and to the word of his grace, which is able to build you up, and to give you an inheritance among them which are sanctified."

Signed on behalf of the Meeting, by
JOSEPH FORSTER.
Clerk to the Meeting this year.

There is no duty which deserves more strictly to be observed, by a master, than his attention to the morals, conduct and formation of the character of his apprentices. This duty, requisite as it is, seldom bears that weight in the minds of masters, due to its vast importance. On them, in a certain degree, depends the future good or evil course of conduct pursued by those entrusted to their care. How imperiously, then, does duty demand that masters should diligently watch over them, and prevent, if possible, their frequenting the society of persons whose vicious habits might contaminate their morals—instruct their youthful minds the most deleterious sentiments—which in time would produce the most lamentable consequences. In the country, apprentices, generally, are held to their masters by indenture, in which case, they are bound by law, to watch over them in some measure, as their own children. Where this is the case, and the master duly feels the responsibility of his charge, the apprentice almost invariably becomes a useful member of society—an honor to his name and family—and enjoys the respect and best wishes of all good men. On the contrary, if he is left to the free exercise of his will, and no attempt has been made to inculcate in his mind, sentiments of virtue, benevolence, honor, industry, and religion, ten instances to one, he becomes immoral, profane, and contemned by every respectable person in the community. Such are the effects of the different courses of conduct pursued by masters towards their apprentices. The former fraught with every good—the latter productive of every evil.—*Am. Traveller.*

QUARTERLY REVIEW ON MISSIONS.
The following is copied from an article in the last number of the London Quarterly Review on the church of England Missions. The writer contrasts the free-will offerings here mentioned, with the means adopted by the Jesuits to extort money from their deluded followers, for the purpose of extending the influence of the Romish Hierarchy.

No minister, however expert in the art of raising money, could ever succeed in putting so many ways and means in motion as have been devised by the ingenuity of missionary directors and collectors, or suggested by those who took a lively interest in the cause. Large sums are continually produced by penny week subscriptions. "It has been calculated," says the London Missionary Society in a late report, "that if every house in Great Britain raised only one penny per week, the product would be 450,000,000, per annum." It is curious to look over the reports, and observe by what various devices the amount of the yearly receipts is swollen. A little, is done by missionary boxes, in shops or in private houses, like the poor boxes in our churches. Schools and juvenile Societies supply more; a great deal is raised by "Ladies' Branch Societies, or Associations;" something from the sale of piousness and ladies work of all kinds. In an Evangelical Magazine before us these items appear—by selling matches, 17. 3s.; by lending tracts, 26. 0s. 9d.; Sunday school boys, 7s. 6d.; producing the sale of ornamental mouse-traps, 11. 4s. 6d. One tradesman in a small way, lays aside for this purpose the odd pence in every day's receipts, and recommends others to follow his example; another, in still humbler life, does the same with the farthings. The wife of a Greenwich pensioner presented to a late Wesleyan mission-

ary meeting at Greenwich, a bag containing nine hundred and sixty farthings. One person gives every year the produce of a cherry-tree. Sometimes a Sunday school girl presents a portion of her earnings. Sometimes the workmen at a manufactory contribute largely, and not unfrequently servants make their contribution in proportion to the wages they receive. It is in fact, now, and then appears, which may raise a smile, there are others which excite a different feeling. One sum of 1000, and another of 1500, are given as offerings to God for an unexpected accession of fortune. One of the last Missionary Registers acknowledges ten pounds as a thank-offering on the recovery of a child. A lady presents thirty pounds as the produce of her jewels; and a blind basket-girl as many shillings, being the amount of what candles must have cost her during the winter, if she had eyes to see. What a sunshine of the soul must that poor girl have enjoyed! "If thou hast much, give plentifully; if thou hast little, do thy diligence gladly to give of that little, for so gatherest thou thyself a good reward in the day of necessity." This cruise will not fail. The whole receipt of the Church Missionary Society for its first thirteen years was little more than 22,000,000; last year the income exceeded 39,000,000. In reference to this subject, they say, "there is a fact to be stated which deserves attention. On a careful investigation it appears that the Society never had, since it began to send out missionaries, and has not at this moment, more funds in hand than would serve to discharge its actual obligations on account of its missions in various parts of the world. And yet it has never been put to any difficulty in discharging the obligations which it had contracted; nor has it been withheld, merely by the want of funds, from entering on any promising undertaking brought before its committee. The committee state this fact as a ground of thankfulness to Almighty God, that he has enabled the Society to proceed with such an equal and steady course."

At this time the Church Missionary Society employs four hundred and nineteen laborers, of whom only 106 are Europeans. The rest are natives of the respective countries in which they are employed as teachers or readers of the Scriptures. It has nine missions, subdivided into forty-two missionary stations. These missions are the West African, the Mediterranean, Calcutta and North Indian, Madras and South Indian, Bombay and Western Indian, Ceylon, Australasia, the West Indies mission, and the North West American. With these missions 255 schools are connected in which more than 13,000 scholars are at this time receiving instruction, of whom about 1400 are adults; and ten printing presses are actively employed in various missionary stations in printing the Scriptures, tracts and elementary books for the schools.

FROM THE NEW YORK RELIGIOUS CHRONICLE.

METHODIST MISSIONARIES IN THE WEST INDIES.
The violent measures that took place in some parts of the English West India possessions the last year, in relation to two individuals employed as Missionaries at Barbadoes and Demarara, cannot be forgotten.—The affair is not yet overlooked by the British government; and on the 23d of June, Mr. F. Buxton, in the House of Commons, introduced a motion relative to the proceedings against the person and character of Mr. Shrewsbury, at Barbadoes. He prefaced it by a speech of some length, in which he gave a history of a course of unexampled religious persecution, continued for years, and terminated in the demolition of his chapel and dwelling house, whilst his personal safety was secured by flight. The history of this outrage and its concomitant measures, it is unnecessary to repeat.—After a long discussion, in which Mr. Brougham, Mr. Canning, &c. took part, the motion was adopted, as amended, without a division. It is in these words.

Resolved, That this House, having taken into their most serious consideration the proceedings of the Missionaries at Barbadoes and Demarara, do hereby declare that they view, with the utmost amazement and indignation, that scandalous and daring violation of law, at the same time that they take this opportunity of expressing their satisfaction at the instructions sent out to the colonies by his Majesty's government, to prevent a recurrence of such outrages. And they assure his Majesty that this House will afford him every assistance which may be required, and entirely concur in every measure to secure ample protection and religious toleration to all his Majesty's subjects in that part of his Majesty's dominions.

FROM THE RECORDER AND TELEGRAPH.

The following statement may be implicitly relied on. We could easily give names and dates, and more particular circumstances, but we are satisfied that such a course, at present is inexpedient.

CONVERSION OF AN INFIDEL.

A young man who had imbibed the poisonous principles of infidelity, engaged as a medical student under Dr. Rush of Philadelphia. While in that city, he was seized with the yellow fever, and so alarming became his symptoms, that Dr. Rush was constrained to tell him, he probably had not an hour to live; at the same time urging him to repent of his infidelity, and believe in the Saviour. Soon after the Dr. left him, his mind, from agitation and terror, settled into a quietude in the government of God and faith in the divine Saviour of sinners. His fever broke—he recovered his health. Some time after, he became melancholy, under an apprehension that he had committed the unpardonable sin. This impression preyed upon his mind for a long time. At last, he providentially heard a minister preach on this subject in such a manner that his attention was arrested. He sought an interview with the minister, whose conversation entirely removed the darkness from his mind—and his faith was strengthened. He devoted himself to the study of the Bible, and was soon enabled to give a full and satisfactory account of his conversion. He is now a member of the church of God, and a zealous and useful member of the same.

SAILORS' FRIEND.

From the commencement of our editorial labors, we have devoted a portion of our columns to the interests of seamen—always regretting that it was not in our power to do more for this important but neglected class of our fellow citizens. Often have we longed to see a Brainerd or a Mills arise to plead their cause, and lead onward the Christian world to redress their wrongs. We congratulate our readers that a champion has at length come forth, whose voice will be heard throughout our land, whose influence will be felt wherever the American canvass is spread. We allude to the Rev. JOHN TRUAI, the able editor of the *Mariner's Magazine*, published in the city of New York. We have before noticed the labors of this gentleman, and have frequently made extracts from his valuable work. We would again commend him, and the cause in which he is engaged, to the attention and co-operation of all who feel interested in the salvation of seamen.

We heartily approve of the plan of a National Society, for the benefit of seamen, suggested by Mr. Truair, and copied into the Herald of the 3d instant;

and cannot but hope that it will meet the cordial approbation of Christians generally.

The price of the *Mariner's Magazine* is \$2 per annum. Those who transmit this sum to the Rev. John Truair, at New York, will secure to themselves three objects—they will learn the progress of the gospel among seamen, receive, weekly, a rich fund of useful entertainment, and at the same time contribute to hasten the time when the abundance of the sea shall be converted unto God.

FROM THE NEW YORK MARINER'S MAGAZINE.

Importance of evangelizing Seamen.—The reformation of seamen will have a most important bearing upon the reformation of the world. Change the general character of our seamen, and what a prodigious alteration would be wrought in the moral state of our seaports. Remove so large a part of the worst of the moral contagion, and bring it over to the side of piety, and what a wonderful change of proportions throughout the good and evil of our cities. Turn all that mass of temptation, which carries away the most wretched part of society, into prayer for the reformation of the wicked, and how much you take out of one scale and put into the other. What a revolution would thus be wrought in all the sea-ports of Christendom? And this would be no inconsiderable part towards the general improvement of the race. But seamen are destined to act a still more conspicuous part in the reformation of the world. With their existing character they present a bar to the spread of the gospel, by raising prejudices against the Christian name in every heathen port they visit. But let them be brought under the sanctifying influence of Christianity, and they will become through out formal, efficient missionaries to every part of the world. Their zeal in transporting Bibles and tracts, added to their example and conversation in heathen ports, will have a mighty influence in favor of Christianity throughout the globe. After they have been and are affected with the state of the heathen, they will bring back a report glowing with life and feeling, to awaken the sympathy and zeal of the Christian world. They will become reconnoitering parties, everywhere dispersed, to make out and present to the eye of the church a graduated scale of human misery, to show where and ought first to be applied. They will constitute the great medium of intercourse between Christendom and its missionary stations throughout the earth, and will give to that intercourse a tone and interest which mere stupid organs could never impart. Another part of their work, as expressly fixed by prophecy, will be to carry home the Jews. "The ships of Tarshish first, [shall wait for me,]" to bring thy sons from far, their silver and their gold with them." And when they shall come in through the Mediterranean with a press of sail, as on flying wings, and the whitening canvass, to an eye perched on Jerusalem shall appear like a cloud in the horizon, then we see to hear the gazing spectators, bending from the holy hills, exclaim—"Who are these that fly as a cloud, and as the doves to their windows?" To prepare the way for these splendid events, the time seems to have arrived when God is about to bring to pass a great revolution in the republic of mariners. This is evident from the efforts that are beginning to be made for them on both sides of the Atlantic. We have only, in the name of the Lord, to put our hand against a world, and it will move. In an age so distinguished for the smiles of God on the humble exertions of his people, we may take encouragement, rising up to assurance, from the simultaneous movements in different parts of the world in favor of seamen.

INTERESTING LETTER.

The importance of pious Seamen is most convincingly shown in the following extract of a letter from Capt. Ainsley, master of the ship La Plata, to the owners, dated Montevideo, May 30. "If immoral seamen are a curse, in foreign ports, to the cause of missions, how great a blessing are pious ones! It is impossible to read the following animating account of the noble conduct of a few pious seamen in a foreign port, where superstition and priestcraft bear sway, without feeling the veins glow and the heart throb. What class of men can be as useful to the cause of Christ as sailors? Let us then first endeavor to evangelize seamen, as the most effectual means of converting the heathen, and spreading far and wide the blessings of the gospel."

"I take the liberty to mention, because I think it will be agreeable to your desires, that although our temporal affairs do not afford us so lively employment as we could wish, yet the work of the Lord is not wholly left undone. I have made the La Plata, in the midst of this crooked and perverse generation, a Floating Chapel; and I believe the Lord does bless our endeavors to serve him, by giving us on the Sabbath day about thirty attentive hearers of the Word of Life, and almost every night more or less. I send my boat ashore on the Sunday morning and evening, to press seamen from the service of the devil to the worship of God, who has not suffered them to return void but generally full with some scenes of the nations, and tradesmen. The captain of the Diana sent his boat too, and brought several, with his ship's company; and the crew of another American, with two or three mates, completely filled my little cabin with a goodly company, and two merchants from the shore; and I find that two or three who never prayed before, have been constrained to call upon their God for mercy, and there appears a visible change in their manner of conversation. So far the Bethel flag does not fly in vain, and I trust it will not, when the glory of God is the prize for those who come into him."

"I would not forget to mention to you that your ship is in some measure manned by missionaries, as there is none who is so ready to declare the name of Jesus: the work of God has been so powerful among us on our passage, that to a man, they are praying men. This is my greatest happiness, to know by experience, that God is with us of a truth in every time and place, which enables me to look through every difficulty and tribulation, knowing that his will worketh for them that love God, a more exceeding and eternal weight of glory. While the glory of God can be promoted by me, a weak instrument in his hands, or any on board the ship who have set their hands to the plough, I anticipate a glorious work in my native land, in a cause supported by God and so many able and pious men, amongst all ranks and societies."

Mariner's Church.—The following fact was stated in an address at the Mariner's Church in New York on the 7th inst. "Since the establishment of this church (about 4 years ago) it has been ascertained that through its instrumentality 100 seamen have been made the subjects of divine grace—how many more it is impossible to ascertain; but he would venture to say, that as many mariners had not been brought to the light of the gospel in this city, in 100 years before."

After the services a collection of \$112 was taken up.—*ibid.*

Sailor's Box—Worthy of Imitation.—In a certain inland town a minister preached, several months ago, on the subject of seamen, presenting their claims upon Christian benevolence. A poor little girl found her heart much melted over the ignorance, the guilt, and the misery of sailors. Her mother was poor, and took in washing. It was difficult for this child to devise a plan sufficiently effective (as she thought) to aid the means of improving them. At length she obtained a small box, and proposed to her mother that she should allow her one penny a week if she left off sugar. This penny was for the *Sailor's Box*. Another little girl joined her, and they obtained a few pence. The first child, after a few months, was taken ill, and died happy in the Lord, leaving an urgent request to her mother that the box might be sent to the minister, with her best love, and say "whatever was in it was to promote the sailor's cause!" It was not much—she lamented it was so little; but she had done what she could, and she was only a poor child. The box was handed to the minister soon after her death, and upon breaking it open it contained thirteen shillings and seven pence! Surely the gospel is preached to sailors, it should be told what this poor child has done to promote their everlasting happiness. *ib.*

"ON EARTH PEACE—GOOD WILL TOWARDS MEN."

ZION'S HERALD.

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 24, 1825.

The *Christian Mirror*, published at Portland, and which ranks among the first religious papers of the day, has just completed its third volume. Its present editor entered upon his new and arduous duties but a few weeks since. In his last number he has some candid remarks concerning his new employment, a few extracts from which will remind our readers of the duty of remembering in their prayers those of their brethren who have the management and guidance of the press.

"The anticipations of the editor in regard to the degree of satisfaction which he should derive from the employment, find, however, not as yet, been fully realized. He hoped to find himself, not only in a station of greater usefulness, but also in a situation much more favorable for intellectual, moral, and religious improvement, than that in which he was before placed. He has seen, yet, entirely relinquished this hope; but his expectations have been in some measure, disappointed. One source of disappointment is found in the character of the newspapers which he is obliged to examine, almost daily, to make selections of 'General Miscellany,' and to make out a 'Summary of Foreign and Domestic News.' In the retirement of his study, it might be supposed that a 'Christian' editor would be withdrawn from the follies, temptations, and pollutions of the world; but alas! it is far from being so. Very few papers come into his hands, in looking over the columns of which the eye is not involuntarily caught by something, which he would prefer not to have seen. In this way, many vain and foolish thoughts are introduced into his mind, which are followed by blame and regret. It is a truth, painful to tell, that a large proportion of the papers, not only is there a multitude of paragraphs exceedingly foolish and unprofitable, but passages openly obscene and profane are not unfrequently found. He leaves it to those who know what it is to contend with spiritual enemies, to judge of the difficulty of maintaining habitually, in these circumstances, such a state of mind, as every Christian desires to maintain. Without peculiar divine influences, he must sink in despair. He renews his request that those, who have an interest at the throne of grace, would pray, that these influences may not be withheld."

"The editor has also found his business to involve a degree of confinement, toil, and perplexity, greater than he anticipated. To those who have had no experience in editorial labors, it is impossible to convey any adequate idea of the peculiar difficulties and trials with which an editor has to struggle, or even of what it is that renders the business thus toilsome and perplexing. It is easy to form a conception of what it is desirable that a paper should be; it is easy to fix, in one's mind, a standard of excellence; but to make out such a paper every week, and never to fall below that standard, is a very different thing. There is a difference between the degrees of excellence attainable in a newspaper and in a book, of which the editor is well aware, and he is constantly laboring to attain a high degree of excellence in the fruit of time, and care, and deliberation, and repeated corrections and amendments; but the hurried manner in which the business of a newspaper is conducted, precludes these advantages."

"Come over and help us."—It is known to many of our readers, that several unsuccessful attempts have been made during eight years past, to establish a mission in the city of New Orleans. By a letter just received from the Rev. William Winans, Presiding Elder of the Mississippi District, we are happy to learn that the Methodist Chapel in New Orleans is at length in such a state of forwardness that it has been occupied by our missionary for some months past. But, as our brethren in that city are few in number, and their resources small, they are in peculiar need of assistance at this time, to enable them to complete their chapel, and cancel the debt incurred in its erection. When we reflect that New Orleans is destined to be the mart of all the states, and that it has hitherto been nearly destitute of a preached gospel, we hope our brethren generally will feel interested that the gospel banner should wave over this great city—that all who are disposed may flock into it. Any contributions towards this desirable object from our brethren in New England, will be received and carefully forwarded, by the Rev. Solomon Sias, publisher of this paper. Brethren in other states may forward their contributions to the Rev. William Winans, Elysian Fields, Amite County, Mississippi, or to Edward M. Gehee, Esq. of Woodville, Mississippi.

Prayer-Meetings in the Episcopal Church.—We believe that those social meetings, which in this country are denominated *prayer meetings*, are but little known in the Church of England. But in some parishes of that denomination in this country, they have been established, and greatly blessed. Some time since, a Layman in Rhode Island, having witnessed their good effects, publicly recommended them in the Gospel Advocate. He was, however, opposed by the editors of that respectable publication, and his pieces were finally excluded. The persevering layman, however, has found his way to the public ear, through the medium of the Philadelphia Recorder. There can be but little doubt that he will eventually carry his point, if he continues to use arguments as convincing as the following, which we copy from his last communication:—

"The good effects produced by the establishment of prayer-meetings in one parish in Rhode Island, will be stated. They were commenced in 1814, with the consent and approbation of the Rector, by two pious young laymen, then members of a college, who were soon after assisted by other pious young men, whose attentions were turned to religion and the ministry, and in succession to the number of nineteen. Of these nineteen, eleven have received orders in the church, two have given in their names as candidates for orders, and the other six preach the gospel to acceptance, not in the church. Of those who are in orders, or candidates, seven were of other denominations, one of whom was a Baptist minister. Several of the above received their first religious impressions, and became first attached to our liturgy, by joining in the services of our church, with which these meetings have invariably commenced. In the autumn of 1815 and winter of 1816 and 1817, it pleased the Great Head of the Church 'to pour out his spirit' in

a wonderful manner, to bless the evangelists of their excellent Rector, by making the gospel be preached 'the power of God unto salvation' to many of his hearers; and to bless also the means of grace used in prayer meetings, under the management of young lay brethren. About seventy persons, from fourteen to seventy years of age, were added to the communion in a few months, and were added to the Rector of being 'born of the Spirit' and 'made new creatures in Christ Jesus.' The water part of these were of other denominations. Many others, not Episcopalians, having received their first religious impressions at our prayer meetings, being 'convicted of sin and converted to holiness,' through their instrumentality, joined other churches. These and room would fail the writer, were he to detail the great advantages resulting from this source, under the divine blessing; in building up the cause of our Divine Master and his Church."

REVIVAL ON WESTERN CIRCUIT.
(MINUTE CONFERENCE.)

TO THE EDITOR OF ZION'S HERALD.

DEAR SIR,
I have for some time past thought it my duty to lay before you an account of the good work which God is doing on Western Circuit. This work began about one year and nine months ago, in the towns of Orwell, and has continued without intermission till the present time; and is still progressing. When it was started in Orwell it commenced in Camden; from thence the sacred flame went over into Williamstown; from thence it was carried over to the northern shore of the Otsego Lake; about the same time it visited the forks of Fish Creek, two and a half miles from my place of residence. Soon after it went on to Lee; and last week and the first of the present week, we witnessed a remarkable display of divine power, at a Camp meeting held in Rome, near the reformation in Lee. Rising of three hundred and fifty, to my knowledge, have professed a saving change on this circuit since the work began. Not less than two hundred and forty have united with the Methodist Episcopal Church. About seventy have joined other orders, most of them the Presbyterians.

At Oneida Lake, some time in the spring, not long after the commencement of the work, one morning, such an awful scene of eternal things pervaded the whole neighborhood, that by one general impulse most of the families, old and young, assembled together for prayer; and God heard and answered, to the salvation of a goodly number of precious souls. Here, where we had but ten or twelve scattering members, and often thought of giving up the place as hopeless, we have now between fifty and sixty good, faithful, and promising members. At the forks of Fish Creek is a handsome neighborhood of industrious farmers; but they had been long for many years past by preachers of different denominations, with no apparent success. It was at length, and was entirely neglected for some time; when I persuaded a local preacher by the name of Eli W. Allen to labor among them; and the Lord made him the instrument of a gracious work. We have formed a class of nearly forty members in that place, where some are almost daily added to the Lord.

Where we wish to hear more about our late Camp meeting. Last Thursday we met under the sacred grove. More than thirty tents were erected before the setting sun. Two sermons were preached—many prayers were offered before the throne of grace, and a general solemnity prevailed among us. Friday, the good Lord, who had heard, began to answer prayer. Good news went to heaven, and "on earth was peace and good will towards men." For the prisoners were freed from their chains, and the captives were made free to rejoice in the God of their salvation. Saturday—about thirty-five preachers were on the ground, and not far from seventy tents. But the best of all was, Immanuel (God with us) led on his praying companies to victory. Sabbath was a day long to be remembered. At the close of the afternoon sermon, we were invited to come before the stand; upon which they pressed through the crowd, and about sixty were on their knees weeping at the foot of the cross. We formed a circle around them, and had their case before the throne of God. Many were soon shouting victory. By this time the heavens were black with clouds, the lightning streamed through the grove, and the rolling thunder made the earth to quake. All this was scarcely noticed by scores of men, women and children. God and eternity presented to their view a subject more moving—more awfully sublime. At length the rain poured in torrents; but many were heedless of what passed. They however were persuaded to retire, and some were led to the tents, on which they pressed through the crowd, and about sixty were on their knees weeping at the foot of the cross. We formed a circle around them, and had their case before the throne of God. Many were soon shouting victory. By this time the heavens were black with clouds, the lightning streamed through the grove, and the rolling thunder made the earth to quake. All this was scarcely noticed by scores of men, women and children. 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THE HERALD'S HARP.



THE MANIAC'S DEATH.

BY JOHN KENNEDY.

Cottager—Beneath the vast heavens the black clouds are speeding,
And drop from their bosom the earth-choiring rain.
The bright lamp of day from the scene is receding,
And darkness is spreading her garb o'er the plain.
Then hark! weary lady—then hark to our home!
For see, through your cottage the knot-bell invites.
There seldom the fears of the storm ever come,
While peace and contentment their pleasures unite.

Maniac—No! stranger: for refuge I'll fly to you mountain—
Beneath the dark top of the oak I'll repose.
My night-song, the roar of the pebbled fountain,
Surrounded with harsh words my prayer I'll compose.
Then hark! see how the wind—your little one's wait you,
For see, as the window the mother appears;
Let not a poor Maniac longer betray you,
Nor wailing from his low'd-ones anxiety tears.

Cottager—But see! from you black sky the red lightning's
flashing;
The mountain seems trembling beneath its dire wrath,
And hark! how the thunder 'mid rough rocks is crashing.
Then fly! lady, fly from your cavern of death!
Come, speed to our cottage, where peace shall attend you.
The prayer of the mother—the hymn of the child,
Will prove that its inmates will ever befriend you,
And hark! each affliction with pity's fond smile.

Maniac—Cold, cold is my heart, and my senses are failing,
You lightning's a sunbeam to this troubled soul.
And O! that mild thunder in whispers is stealing
O'er this heart where the rade waves of sorrow e'er roll.
Yes, I'll speed to you mountain, in darkness I'll dwell,
'Till 'neath the storm's fury my leaf-couch should
shake.
And then to the loud winds—yea, thunders I'll tell,
The anguish that threatens this poor heart to break.

Cottager—O lady, the storm has no pity to give thee;
Then hark! in our cottage, thy sorrows to tell,
There warmest compassion shall strive to revive thee,
And e'er rough cloud of affliction dispel.
O tell me, fair stranger, what sorrows assail thee;
And tear thy poor heart with such anguish and pain.
Say, say, if some low'd-ones' affection has fail'd thee,
And hark! see how the wind—your little one's wait you.

Maniac—Hush! hush! there's the grave, where my little
baby's buried.
Step light! lest thou crush him beneath thy rude tread!
My husband! O God! to the grave he was hurried—
A drunkard! and there, with the poor babe he's laid!
But see! the grave opens! how still's the storm's roar!
See! see! the grave opens! it opens for me!
My sorrows are ended! Life's storm now is o'er!
In the grave! in the grave! the poor maniac is free!
Bloomington, Sullivan Co. N. Y. Aug. 3, 1925.

WHAT IS PRAYER?

Prayer is the soul's sincere desire,
Uttered or unexpressed;
The notion of a hidden fire,
That trembles in the breast.
Prayer is the burden of a sigh,
The falling of a tear;
The upward glancing of an eye,
When none but God is near.
Prayer is the simplest form of speech;
That any lips can try;
Prayer the sublimest strains that reach
The Majesty on high.
Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,
The Christian's native air;
He watcheth at the gates of death,
He enters heaven with prayer.
Prayer is the contrite sinner's voice,
Returning from his ways;
While angels in their songs rejoice,
And say, Behold! he prays!
The saints in prayer, appear as one,
In word, and deed, and mind,
When with the Father and the Son,
Their fellowship they find.
Nor prayer is made on earth alone—
The Holy Spirit pleads;
And Jesus on the eternal throne,
For sinners intercedes.
O thou, by whom we come to God,
The life, the truth, the way,
The path of prayer, thyself hast trod,
'Lord teach us how to pray.'

OBITUARY.

FOR ZION'S HERALD.

MR. EDITOR,
The following is a brief sketch of the experience, sickness, and death of Asa H. son of Rev. John Thompson, who died July 20, 1925, aged 22 years. Should you judge it worthy a place in your paper, you will gratify many of your readers in these regions, by inserting it.

The subject of this memoir, was a native of Industry, Maine. His father has been a member of the Methodist Episcopal Church for about thirty years, and a local preacher about twenty-four. Asa H. was favored with a religious education, and at the early age of ten years, became a subject of justifying grace, and a member of the Methodist Church. For a number of years, he retained that state of justification, by walking in Christ as he received him; but at length, through temptations, youthful vanities, and an ardent desire for literature, he lost his enjoyment, and became less ardent, in the pursuits of religion. His moral character, however, was so good, that he was continued a member of the church. About three years before his death, while pursuing his studies at Bloomfield Academy, reflecting on his uselessness in the cause of God, he became alarmed about himself, and instantly began pleading with God, for a restoration of the joys of his salvation; and he did not plead in vain; for, while his Christian brethren's prayers were united with him, God heard, answered, and graciously revived him: from which time, he made religion the constant business of life. Soon after this, he felt a conviction, that it was his duty to improve his gifts in a more public way; and, after much deliberation, he received a license as an exhorter, which he improved, as opportunity presented. He, however, employed the principal part of his time in studying, and teaching schools; and, while engaged in the latter calling, in the town of Augusta, (Me.) in the year 1923, he felt the importance of having a clean heart; for which, he earnestly sought, and not in vain; for God heard, and answered his request. At a Camp meeting, held in the town of Windsor, (Me.) last fall,

the work of holiness was very much revived in his soul. He was employed by the Presiding Elder on Pittstown circuit, last autumn and winter, to travel with B. Jones. In the month of March, while at his studies, in Hallowell, (Me.) he was seized with a violent cold attended with a bad cough; after which he was never well. He, however, feeling anxious to be of use, while life was protracted, undertook the arduous task of preceptor of the "Maine Wesleyan Seminary," located at Readfield; where, soon after he commenced, he had a short run of fever; after which, as soon as he was able, he was removed to the silent grave.

For some weeks after he was carried to his father's, he, and the family, indulged strong hopes of his recovery. But, alas! his lungs were affected, and his disease baffled the skill of physicians, and the power of medicine. In the first part of his sickness, he felt no particular animation or raptures of joy, but manifested great patience, and perfect resignation to the will of God. When asked, (as he often was,) if he was willing to die, if it was God's will, his answers were in the affirmative. He often said, "if God has any thing more for me to do, he will raise me to health again."

About three weeks before his departure, a Camp-meeting was held within a few rods of his father's, where he was; and, although he was not present, yet, while earnest prayer was made in his behalf, he seemed to share in the benefits of the meeting. The preachers, and others, visited him occasionally, during the Camp-meeting; and always found him happy; and often, so overwhelmed with the presence of God, that he would shout for joy. At the close of the Camp-meeting, when his worthy Presiding Elder, to whom he was peculiarly attached, called to take leave of him, he joined with him, and sang two verses of a hymn before prayers. He remained in the same happy frame of mind to the close of life; often asking, in the morning, if it was thought he should "go home to-day."

He seemed to converse on the subject of death with the same composure of mind as on any other subject. In the morning of the day of his departure, although the cold, gripping hand of death had not fast hold of him, he was not at all terrified; but after grew happier, and said, if he should have strength, when he saw his fingers turn black, he should shout aloud; and so it was, for when the purple dimness came to his hands and arms, and they began to turn a dark color, he was heard in another room to clap his hands for joy. About five minutes before he expired, he looked up to those around him and said, "Praise God! praise God! which were the last words he was heard to utter: He then closed his eyes, without a struggle or a groan; while his spirit triumphantly ascended, borne by attending angels through the trackless ether to the paradise of God. His remains were interred the following day, attended by a numerous congregation, who listened with solemn attention, to a feeling and appropriate discourse, by the Rev. John Gower, from Isaiah xli. 30, 31. In the death of Asa H. Thompson, the parents, brothers, sisters, and church, sustain an irreparable loss. It is not an aged and worn out preacher, nor a young man of ordinary abilities, that has now left the field which is white, and ready to harvest, and which loudly calls for more laborers; but a young man of superior qualifications; whose extensive usefulness in the church of God. We can only add—

"God moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform;
He works in the power of His might,
In the midst of the storm."
EZEKIEL ROBINSON.
Industry, Me. July 26, 1925.

MEMOIR OF MRS. MARY TOWER.

The subject of this memoir was born in Hall, Mass. A. D. 1790. She was the eldest of eleven children, three of whom, together with her parents, (Spencer and Molly Bunney,) have gone, with her, to receive the promises. In about the 15th year of her age, she obtained that hope which maketh not ashamed, viz. of the forgiveness of her sins. This hope, in connection with faith and love, remained pregnant with immortality, until lost in sight. Her repentance, I think I may safely say, was never repented of. The period, which is estimated of great price, never grew dim in her possession; though cultivated, for many years, with indefatigable assiduity.

Soon after her conversion, she became happily connected in life with Mr. Moses Tower, of Hingham, where, and with whom, she ever after lived, and became the mother of five children, who are now left, with their father, in their juvenile years, to mourn the loss of their best earthly friend. The church of which she was a worthy member, must certainly acknowledge their loss to be great indeed, while they call to mind her unwearied attention to, and solicitude for their welfare. While busied with more than a Martha's care, she was indeed a Mary at heart. Her house, for many years, had been a home for the pious of all denominations, and more especially for the itinerant preachers of the Methodist Episcopal Church. She was one of those few, who gave to all their meat in due season, or at least felt desirous so to do. In a word, to speak without partiality or exaggeration, her disposition would have done much more than her local circumstances would admit of. She adorned her profession by letting her light shine in the morning of life, which grew brighter and brighter until the evening; when, by the assistance of those rays of heavenly light which emanated from the Sun of Righteousness, she could distinctly "read her title clear to mansions in the skies." She had no desire to continue in the flesh, but rather to depart and be with Christ, which, as she was well assured, would be far better. She, however, waited with patience for the will of the Lord to be done, which, as it appears, was, to close her mortal eye to earthly cares, on the eve of the 12th of June, 1925—having lived 35 years, and realized an uncommon share of the comforts as well as the evils incident to human life.

Think on these things, gentle reader, and reflect that, "In death's uncertainty, our danger lies!" They stand like mercuries in every way, and kindly point us to our journey's end! What day! what hour! but knocks at human hearts to awake the soul to a sense of future things! The moment we begin to live, that moment we begin to die, and ere we rock us nearer to the tomb! Soon, very soon, will our *last enemy* call for us! He will reach forth his cold, icy, and relentless hand, to gather us in also. And, though desirous to recoil, it will be in vain. "He will screw us down in his hard couch, a coffin; he will convey us away, in his black carriage, a hearse; and confine us down in his lonesome dungeon, a grave; and there keep us in chains of darkness and corruption, until the judgment of the great day." A. B.

MINISTERS' DEPARTMENT.

PLAIN DEALING.

In the following letter, from the late Rev. John Wesley, to Mr. J. T. we have a rare instance of ministerial faithfulness. Happy would it be, for the church of Christ, and happy for the souls of men, were this "great plainness of speech" more in vogue in these days of modern refinement.

"The plain reason why I did not design to speak with you at Luncheon, was, because I had no hope of doing you good. I observed long ago, that you are not patient of reproof. And I fear you are now less so than ever. But since you desire it, I will tell you once more what I think, fear, or hear concerning you.

"I think you tasted of the powers of the world to come 13 or 14 years ago, and was then simple of heart, and willing to spend and be spent for Christ. But not long after, not being sufficiently on your guard, you suffered loss by being applauded. This

revived and increased your natural vanity, which was the harder to be checked, because of your constitutional stubbornness: Two deadly enemies which have lain in wait for you many years, and have given you many deep, if not mortal, wounds.

"I fear, it is near ten years since you was so weakened by these, that you no longer set a watch over your mouth, but began frequently to speak what was not strictly true, to excuse yourself, divert others, or gain applause. I am afraid this has prevailed over you more and more, as there was less and less of the life of God in the soul: So that I should almost wonder if you do not judge a diverting lie to be a very innocent thing."

"After your first marriage, being not used to, nor fond of reading, and not spending many hours in private prayer, time grew heavy on your hands; especially as you could not bear the cross of being a regular travelling preacher: So you betook yourself to farming, and other country employments, and grew more and more dead to God. Especially when you began to keep company (whether by necessity or choice) with the men (whose talk is of bullocks,) who have little to do either with religion or reason, and have but just wit enough to smoke, drink, and flatter you."

"By these dull wretches you have been an unspeakable loser. Perhaps it was in company with some of these, that you first thought of taking a little sport, and catching a few fish, or killing a partridge or a hare. Miserable employment for a preacher of the gospel! for a Methodist preacher above all others! Though I do not at all wonder, if after practising it for some time, you should be so inflated as even to defend it. I am afraid these same poor creatures afterwards taught you, (if that report be true,) even to countenance that wickedness for which Cornwall stinks in the nostrils of all who fear God, or love King George: I mean that of smuggling; though surely they could not persuade you to receive stolen goods! That is an iniquity to be punished by the judges. Is there any truth in this story? (You must not ask who tells me so; if so, I have done) that you imposed on Mrs. H., in the writings; and fraudulently procured 1000, a year to be engaged for, instead of fourscore? I hope this was a mistake; as, as well as that assertion, that you encouraged drunkenness, by suffering it in your company, if not in your own house."

"O remember from whence you are fallen! repent and do the first works! First recover the life of God in your own soul, and walk as Christ walked. Walk with God as you did twelve years ago. Then you might again be useful to his children. Supposing you was truly alive to God yourself, how profitably then (leaving the dead to bury their dead) might you spend three months in a year at Bristol, or London, three in Cornwall, and six in spreading the gospel wherever it might be needful. I have now told you all that is in my heart, I hope you will receive it, not only with patience but profit."

"You must be much in the way, or much out of the way: a good soldier for God, or for the devil. O choose the better part!—now!—to-day!"

"I am your affectionate brother,
"JOHN WESLEY."

ANECDOTE OF DR. FINLEY.

At the late anniversary of the Nassau Hall Tract Society, the Rev. Dr. Miller related the following anecdote of President Finley.

I remember once, said Dr. M. to have witnessed a scene in which President Finley was concerned, and to have heard a speech from his lips which I shall never forget, and which appears to me peculiarly applicable to this subject, and to the present occasion. Happening to be with him at the house of a common friend, a gentleman came in who was known to be soliciting donations for an important religious object in a distant part of the country. The gentleman spoke familiarly of the subject, and of his being authorized to solicit donations for it; but the persons present being chiefly clergymen, he did not appear to expect any thing from them, and, therefore, did not exhibit his subscription paper. When the greater part of the company had withdrawn, however, Dr. Finley, approaching him, said, in that mild, unostentatious manner for which he was remarkable,—"My friend, let me see your paper. Why are you so backward to produce it? It is true, I have but little to give; but I consider it a privilege and an honor, as far as the Lord affords me the opportunity, to have, if he but a single nail, in every edifice that is going up for Christ."

YOUTH'S DEPARTMENT.

FROM THE CONNECTICUT MIRROR.

Some late unhappy occurrences give an additional interest to the following beautiful lines.

THE DEBIL OF THE YOUNG.

There was an open grave—and many an eye
Look'd down upon it. Slow the sable hearse
Mould'd on, as if reluctantly it lay.
The young man, of form, to that cold couch
Which lay and sorrow sweet to man.
—There seem'd a sadness in the humid air,
Lifting the long grass from those verdant mounds
Where slumber multitudes—

There was a train
Of young fair females with their brows of bloom,
And shining tresses. Arm in arm they came,
And stood upon the brink of that dark pit,
In pensive beauty waiting the approach
Of their companion. She was wont to fly,
And meet them, as the gay bird meets the spring,
Brushing the dew drop from the morning flowers,
And breathing mirth and gladness. Now she came
With mournful eyes and a deep tolling bell—
She came with mourning sere, and sorrowing friends—
And tears of those who at her side were aurs'd
By the same mother.

Ah! and one who there was,
Who ere the fading of the summer rose
Had hop'd to greet her as his bride. But death
Aur between them. The pale lover watch'd
So close, her journey through the shadowy vale,
That almost to his heart, the ice of death
Enter'd from hers. There was a brilliant flush
Of youth about her—and her kindling eye
Pour'd such unearthly light, that hope would hang
Even on the archer's arrow while it dropp'd
Deep poison. Many a restless night she told
For that slight breath which held her from the tomb,
Still wasting like a snow-veat, which the sun
Marks for his own, on some cool mountain's breast,
Yet spares, and tinges long with rosy light.
—Oft o'er the musings of her silent couch,
Came visions of that nation form which bent
With nursing tenderness to sooth and bless
Her cradle dream; and her emaciate hand
In trembling prayer she rais'd—that he who said
The sainted mother would redeem the child.

Was the orison lost? Whence then that peace
So dove-like, settling o'er a soul that lov'd
Earth and its pleasures?—Whence that angel smile
With which the allumens of a world so dear
Were counted and resign'd? that eloquence
So fondly giving those whose hearts were full
Of unobscured happiness, to seek
A better portion? Whence that voice of joy,
Which from the marble lip in life's last strife
Burst forth, to hail her everlasting home?
Cold reasoners! be convinced!—When ye stand
Where that fair brow and those unfurrowed locks
Return to dust—where the young sleeper waits
The resurrection morn—Oh! lift the heart
In praise to Him who gave the victory.

MISCELLANY.

FOR ZION'S HERALD.

MR. BADGER,
Sir—I have always read with pleasure and interest everything I have as yet seen from the pen of that great and excellent man, Dr. Rush; and as I think the following piece, taken from his "Essays," would be generally interesting, I transcribe it for the Herald, if you should think proper to insert it.

Yours,
J. SANBORN.

THE PARADISE OF NEGRO SLAVES.

The Dr. proceeds—"Soon after reading Mr. Clark's ingenious and pathetic essay on the slavery and commerce of the human species, the subject made so deep an impression on my mind, that it followed me in my sleep, and produced a dream of so extraordinary a nature, that I have yielded to the importunities of some of my friends, by committing it to the public. I thought I was conducted to a country, which, in point of cultivation and scenery, far surpassed anything I had ever heard or read of in my life. This country, I found, was inhabited only by negroes. They appeared cheerful and happy. Upon my approaching a beautiful grove, where a number of them were assembled for religious purposes, I perceived at once a pause in their exercises, and an appearance of general uneasiness. They fixed their eyes on me—while one of them, a venerable looking man, came forward, and in the name of the whole assembly, addressed me in the following language: 'Excuse the panic which you have spread through this peaceful and happy company. We perceive that you are a white man. That color which is the emblem of innocence in every other creature, is to us a sign of guilt. The persons whom you see here, were once dragged by the men of your color from their native country, and consigned by them to labor, punishment, and death. We are here collected together, and enjoy an ample compensation in our present employments for all the miseries we endured on earth. We know that we are secured by the Being whom we worship, from injury and oppression. Our appearance of terror, therefore, was entirely the sudden effect of habits which have not yet been eradicated from our minds.' Your apprehensions of danger from the sight of a white man, said I, are natural. But in me, you behold a friend. I have been your advocate, and—"

Here he interrupted me, and said, "is not your name in the affirmative. Upon this he ran up and embraced me in his arms, and afterwards conducted me into the midst of the assembly, where, after being introduced to the principal characters, I was seated upon a bank of moss; and the following account was delivered me by the venerable person who first accosted me.

"The place we now occupy, is called the *paradise of negro slaves*. It is destined to be our place of residence till the general judgment; after which time, we expect to be admitted into higher and more perfect degrees of happiness. Here we derive great pleasure from contemplating the infinite goodness of God, in allotting to us our full proportion of misery on the earth, by which means we have escaped the punishments to which the free and happy part of mankind too often expose themselves after death. Here we have learned to thank God for all the afflictions our task masters heaped on us; inasmuch as they were the means of our present happiness. Pain and distress are the unavoidable portions of all mankind. They are the only possible avenues that can conduct them to peace and felicity. Happy are they, who partake of their proportion of both on the earth." Here he ended.

"After a silence of a few minutes, a young man, who bore on his head the mark of a wound, came up to me, and asked, 'if I knew any thing of Mr. —, of the island of —.' I told him I did not. 'Mr. —,' said he, 'was my master. One day, I mistook his orders, and saddled his mare instead of his horse, which provoked him so much, that he took up an axe which laid in his yard, and with a stroke on my head dismissed me from life. I long to hear whether he has repented of this unkind action. Do, sir, write him, and tell him his sin is not too great to be forgiven. Tell him his own miserable slave, Scipio, is not angry at him—he longs to bear his prayers to the offended majesty of heaven; and when he dies, Scipio will apply to him, to the envoy, that shall conduct his spirit to the regions of bliss, appointed for those who repent of their iniquities.'"

"Before I could reply to this speech, an old man came and sat down by my side. His wool was white as snow. With a low but gentle voice, he thus addressed me:

"Sir, I was the slave of Mr. —, in the island of —. I served him faithfully upwards of 60 years. No rising sun ever caught me in my cabin—no setting sun ever saw me out of the sugar field, except on Sundays, and holidays. My whole subsistence never cost my master more than forty shillings a year. Herries and roots were my only food. One day, in my eightieth year, the overseer saw me stop to rest myself against the side of a tree, where I was at work. He came up to me, and beat me till he could no longer endure the fatigue and heat occasioned by the blows he gave me. Nor was this all—he complained of me to my master, who instantly sent me to a public vendue, and sold me for two guineas to a tavern keeper in a distant parish. The distress I felt, at leaving my children, and grand children, (23 of whom I left on my old master's plantation,) soon put an end to my existence, and landed me on these happy shores. I have now no wish to gratify, but one—and that is, to tell my master, that his wealth cannot make him happy—that the sufferings of a single hour in the world of misery, for which he is preparing himself, will overbalance all the pleasures he ever enjoyed in his life—and that for every act of unnecessary severity he inflicts on his slaves, he shall suffer tenfold in the world to come."

"He had hardly finished his tale, when a decent looking woman came forward, and addressed me in the following language.

"Sir, I was once the slave of Mr. —, in the state of —. From the healthiness of my constitution, I was called upon to suckle my master's eldest son. To enable me to perform this office more effectually, my own child was taken from my breast, and soon afterwards died. My affections, in the first instance, were directed to the young master, and grew up to a handsome young man. Upon the death of his father, I became his property. Soon after this event, he lost 1000, at cards. To raise this money, I was sold to a planter in a neighboring state. I can never forget the anguish with which my aged father and mother followed me to the end of the lane, when I left my master's house, and hung upon me when they bid me farewell."

"My new master obliged me to work in the field; the consequence of which was, I caught a fever, which in a few weeks carried me off. Say, my friend, is my first young master alive? If he is, go to him, and tell him, his unkind behavior to me, on record against him. The gentle spirit in heaven, whose happiness consists in expressions of gratitude and love, will have no fellowship with him. His soul must be melted with pity and contrition, or he can never escape the punishment which awaits the hard hearted, equally with the impenitent, in the regions of misery."

"As soon as she had finished her story, a middle aged woman approached me, and after a low and respectful courtesy, thus addressed me:

"Sir, I was born and educated in a Christian family, in one of the southern states of America. In the thirty-third year of my age, I applied to my master to purchase my freedom. Instead of granting my request, he conveyed me, by force, on board of a vessel,

and sold me to a planter, in the island of Hispaniola. Here it pleased God, to open my eyes to the truth of his words, he paused, and a general assembly was convened. All at once, the eyes of the whole assembly were turned from me, and directed towards a little white man, who advanced towards them, on the opposite side of the grove, in which we were seated. His face was grave, placid, and full of benignity. In one hand he held a subscription paper, and a petition; in the other, he carried a small pamphlet, on the unlawfulness of the African slave trade, and a letter directed to the king of Prussia, upon the unlawfulness of war. While I was employed in contemplating this venerable figure, suddenly I beheld the whole assembly running towards him—the air resounded with the clapping of hands, and I awoke from my dream, by the noise of a general acclamation of—"

THE GATHERERS.

"To the home of my childhood in sorrow I came,
And fondly expected to find the same,
Full of sunshine and joy as I thought it to be.
When the world was all joy and sunshine to me."
The spot of earth that was our home in childhood, always takes fast hold of our affections, and our best friends are remembered with the warmest interest. When trials press around us, and troubles crowd our pathway, as we pursue our journey to the consummation of our destinies, we turn to the precious heritage of our fathers, still rolled by fancy in its fadeless green, as the only bright abode in the wide world, and lose in the contemplation of its remembered loveliness one half the pain and tumult of the present; and so, when the friends of latter years, grow faint and deceive us, the light of youthful friendships, unclouded in the distance, grows brighter, and still more bright, as the star that faintly twinkled in the twilight blazes in all its native lustre, when the gathered shades of the night crowd into the deep bosom of the heavens.

If we consider the present state of the world, it will be found, that all confidence is lost among mankind, that no man ventures to act where money can be endangered, upon the faith of another. It is impossible to see the long scrolls in which every contract is included, with all their appendages of seals and attestations, without wondering at the depravity of those beings who must be restrained from violation of promise by such formal and public evidences, and precluded from equivocation and subterfuge by such punctilious minuteness. Among all the sates to which folly and wickedness have given occasion, none is equally severe with a bond or a settlement.

The certainty that life cannot be long, and the probability that it will be much shorter than nature allows, ought to awaken every man to the active pursuit of whatever he is desirous to perform. It is true that no diligence can ascertain success; death may intercept the swiftest career; but he who is set off in the execution of an honest undertaking, has at least the honor of falling in his rank, and has fought the battle, though he missed the victory.

They that are professors only, and make show of religion for sinister ends, are like Orpah: in times of affliction they will kiss their mother and be gone; they will soon take leave of the Church of God. But they that are true Christians are like Ruth; they will cleave to her, stay by her, live and die with her, and never depart from her.

I am not afraid of those under and scrupulous consciences, who are over cautious of professing and believing too much; if they are sincerely in the wrong, I forgive their errors, and respect their integrity. The men I am afraid of are the men who believe every thing, who subscribe every thing, and who vote for every thing.—*Bishop Shipley.*

The chief art of learning, as Locke has observed, is to attempt but little at a time. The widest extensions of the mind are made by short flights, frequently repeated; the most lofty fabrics of science are formed by the continued accumulation of single propositions.

Warning to Gamblers.—The Report of the Nassau Hall Tract Society, read at the annual meeting in Princeton, on the 30th ult. relates the following anecdote in illustration of the good effects resulting from the distribution of Tracts.

"One of the almoners of the Society," says the report, "was permitted to witness, for his own encouragement, and has reported for ours, a remarkable instance of the force of truth, when presented in the unpresenting form of a tract. This gentleman observed a club of gamblers deeply interested in their infatuating and mischievous game. By means of a child, he conveyed to the gaming table a tract, entitled 'A Warning to Gamblers.' It caught the eye of one less engaged than the rest, who took it up and began to read it aloud. The weight of the sentiments, the vivacity of its style, and the simplicity and plainness of some of the facts narrated, excited the attention of his comrades. Its solemn truths impressed their minds. At once, they unanimously desisted from their sport, destroyed their cards, and repaired to a religious meeting held that evening in the neighborhood. They were apparently more affected, and with solicitude requested more tracts."

ANECDOTES OF MR. SUMMERFIELD.

It is said of the late Mr. Summerfield, that being asked by a bishop where he was born, he replied,—"I was born in England, and born again in Ireland."

"What do you mean?" inquired the bishop. "I am a master in Israel, and knowest not these things?" was the reply.

Mr. Summerfield's first serious impressions began, when going home one night from the card table. He was suddenly struck with the iniquity of his conduct. His heart labored with the most pungent conviction; but he was absolutely ashamed to disclose his feelings. While the hidden fire was smothered within, a Methodist class leader happened to suspect, from his unwonted appearance, that something serious was working in his mind, and with characteristic vigilance and attention sought the cause of it, and found the young man in distress for his soul! He advised him to attend their class meeting, and perhaps he might obtain comfort; encouraging him to seek the Saviour of sinners. He did attend, and God met him in mercy, and made him a chosen vessel to bear salvation to thousands.

Mr. Summerfield, says a writer in the Boston Recorder, stated one fact to me, which, while it is very surprising, is very encouraging to those who may be tempted to despond under the influence of physical disabilities. He said, that when he was a boy, his speech was so much obstructed by a disagreeable lisp which grew with him, that he could scarcely deliver an errand from his mother to a neighbor so as to make himself intelligible. And yet, who that has witnessed the sweet flow of eloquence from his lips, would ever have suspected this? He moreover said, that the first time he ventured to offer a prayer in public, was the time when he found he could speak without hesitation!

JOHN BROTHERTON.

John Brotherton was a soldier, and fought in the battle of Minden. When he left home he took a small Bible, which he determined always to carry with him. When going to battle, he put his Bible between his coat and waistcoat, over his breast. It was the means of saving his life, for one of the enemy thrust at him with a bayonet, and the point of the weapon pierced through his belt and coat, and above 50 leaves of the Bible.

The psalmist says, "Thy word have I hid in mine heart, that I might not sin against thee."—*Tract No. 6.*



PUBLISHED BY SOLOMON

Vol. III.

ZION'S HERALD.

PRINTED AT THE CONFERENCE PRESS—CONGRESS STREET.

CONDITIONS:

Two Dollars and Fifty Cents a year—One half payable the first of January, the other the first of July.

No subscription received for less than half a year. The papers will be forwarded to all subscribers until a request is made for their discontinuance.

Agents are allowed every eleventh copy—All the Preachers of the Methodist connexion are authorized to act as Agents, obtaining subscribers and receiving payment. In making communications, they are requested to be very particular, giving the names and residences of subscribers, and amount to be credited to each, in all remittances. All communications, addressed either to the Publisher or Editor, (except those of Agents), must be post paid.

MISCELLANEOUS SELECTIONS.

FROM THE AMERICAN TRAVELLER.

THE INFLUENCE OF PREJUDICE.

Of all the causes that influence human happiness and bear on human misery, none are so deeply seated, and so far reaching, as those of prejudice. Its influence is not confined to the individual, but extends to states and empires. Those passions which disturb the peace of society, come only to maturity, and as suddenly decay. Most men so openly make their attack, that a shield is presented against them—but prejudice is at once covert and concealed in its approach, and perpetuates its influence. The passions may be

THE HERALD'S HARP.



THE MANIAC'S DEATH.

BY JOHN KENNEDY.
Cottager--Beneath the vast heavens the black clouds are
speaking,
And from their bosom the earth cheering rain-
The bright sun of day from the scene is receding,
And darkness is spreading her garb o'er the plain.
Then hark! weary lady--then hark to our home!
For see, through you cypress the knot-blaze invites.
There seldom the fears of the storm ever come,
While peace and contentment their pleasures unite.

Maniac--No! stranger: for refuge I'll fly to you mountain--
Beneath the dark top of the oak I'll repose.
My nightingale, the roar of the pebble-bed fountain,
Surrounded with harsh winds my prayer I'll compose.
Then haste thee home father--your little one's wait you,
For see--at them--your mother appears;
Let not a poor Maniac longer belate you,
Nor bring from thy low'd-ones anxiety's tears.

Cottager--But see! from you black sky the red lightning's
flashing;
The mountain seems trembling beneath its dire wrath.
And hark! how the thunder 'mid rough rocks is crashing,
Then fly! lady, fly from you cavern of death!
Come, speed to our cottage, where peace shall attend you.
The prayer of the mother--the byron of the child,
Will prove that its inmates will ever befriend you,
And hark! each affliction with pity's faint smile.

Maniac--Cold, cold is my heart, and my senses are failing,
You lightning's a sunbeam to this troubled soul.
And O! that mid thunder in whippers is stealing
O'er this heart where the rattle waves of sorrow e'er roll.
Yes, I'll speed to you mountain, in darkness I'll dwell,
'Till 'neath the storm's fury my leaf-couch shall
shake.
And then to the loud winds--yea, thunders I'll tell,
The anguish that threatens this poor heart to break.

Cottager--O lady, the storm has no pity to give thee;
Then haste, in our cottage, thy sorrows to tell.
There warmest compassion shall strive to revive thee,
And every rough cloud of affliction dispel.
O tell me, fair stranger, what sorrows assail thee;
And tear thy poor heart with such anguish and pain.
Say, say, if some low'd-one's affection has fail'd thee,
And bade thee remember that youth-dreams are vain.

Maniac--Hush! hush! there's the grave, where my little
baby's buried.
Step light! lest thou crush him beneath thy rude tread!
My husband! O God! to the grave he was hurried--
A drunkard! and there, with the poor babe he's laid!
But see! the grave opens! how still the storm's roar!
See! see! the grave opens! it opens for me!
My sorrows are ended! Life's storm now is o'er!
In the grave! in the grave! the poor maniac is free!
Bloomington, Sullivan Co. N. Y. Aug. 3, 1825.

WHAT IS PRAYER?

Prayer is the soul's sincere desire,
Uttered or unexpress'd;
The motion of a hidden fire,
That trembles in the breast.
Prayer is the burden of a sigh,
The falling of a tear;
The upward glancing of an eye,
When none but God is near.
Prayer is the simplest form of speech;
That any lips can try;
Prayer the sublimest strains that reach
The Majesty on high.
Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,
The Christian's native air;
His watchword at the gates of death,
His enter's heaven with prayer.
Prayer is the contrite sinner's voice,
Returning from his ways;
While angels in his songs rejoice,
And say, 'Behold! he prays!
The saints in prayer, appear as one,
In word, and deed, and mind,
When with the Father and the Son,
Their fellowship they find.
Nor prayer is made on earth alone--
The Holy Spirit pleads;
And Jesus on the eternal throne,
For sinners intercedes.
O thou, by whom we come to God,
The life, the truth, the way,
The path of prayer, thyself hast trod,
'Lord teach us how to pray.'

OBITUARY.

FOR ZION'S HERALD.

Mr. Editor,
The following is a brief sketch of the experience,
sickness, and death of Asa H. son of Rev. John Thompson,
who died July 20, 1825, aged 22 years. Should
you judge it worthy a place in your paper, you will
gratify many of your readers in these regions, by in-
serting it.

The subject of this memoir, was a native of Indus-
try, Maine. His father has been a member of the
Methodist Episcopal Church for about thirty-one
years, and a local preacher about twenty-four. Asa
H. was favored with a religious education, and at the
early age of ten years, became a subject of justifying
grace, and a member of the Methodist Church. For
a number of years, he retained that state of justifica-
tion, by walking in Christ as he received him; but at
length, through temptations, youthful vanities, and an
ardent desire for literature, he lost his enjoyment, and
became less ardent, in the pursuits of religion. His
moral character, however, was so good, that he was
continued a member of the church. About three
years before his death, while pursuing his studies at
Bloomfield Academy, reflecting on his uselessness in
the cause of God, he became alarmed about himself,
and instantly began pleading with God, for a restora-
tion of the joys of his salvation; and he did not plead
in vain; for, while his Christian brethren's prayers
were united with his, God heard, answered, and gra-
ciously revived him: from which time, he made reli-
gion the constant business of life. Soon after this, he
felt a conviction, that it was his duty to improve his
gifts in a more public way; and, after much delibera-
tion, he received a license as an exhorter, which he
improved, as opportunity presented. He, however,
employed the principal part of his time in studying,
and teaching schools; and, while engaged in the latter
calling, in the town of Augusta, (Me.) in the year
1823, he felt the importance of having a clean heart:
for which, he earnestly sought, and not in vain; for
God heard, and answered his request. At a Camp-
meeting, held in the town of Windsor, (Me.) last fall,

the work of holiness was very much revived in his
soul. He was employed by the Presiding Elder on
Pittsford circuit, last autumn and winter, to travel
with B. Jones. In the month of March, while at his
studies, in Hallowell, (Me.) he was seized with a violent
cold attended with a bad cough; after which he
was never well. He, however, feeling anxious to be
of use, while life was protracted, undertook the ardu-
ous task of preceptor of the "Maine Wesleyan Semi-
nary," located at Readfield; where, soon after he
commenced, he had a short run of fever; after which,
as soon as he was able, he was removed to his father's
house; from whence he was borne to the silent grave.

For some weeks after he was carried to his father's,
he, and the family, indulged strong hopes of his recov-
ery. But, alas! his lungs were affected, and his dis-
ease baffled the skill of physicians, and the power of
medicine. In the first part of his sickness, he felt no
particular animation or raptures of joy, but manifest-
ed great patience, and perfect resignation to the will
of God. When asked, (as he often was,) if he was
in the affirmative. He often said, "if God has any
thing more for me to do, he will raise me to health
again."

About three weeks before his departure, a
Camp-meeting was held within a few rods of his fa-
ther's, where he was; and, although he was not pres-
ent, yet, while earnest prayer was made in his behalf,
he seemed to share in the benefits of the meeting.
The preachers, and others, visited him occasionally,
during the Camp-meeting; and always found him happy,
and often, so overwhelmed with the presence of
God, that he would shout for joy. At the close of the
Camp-meeting, when his worthy Presiding Elder, to
whom he was peculiarly attached, called to take leave
of him, he joined with him, and sang two verses of a
hymn before prayers. He remained in the same
happy frame of mind to the close of life; often asking,
in the morning, if it was thought he should "go home
to-day." He seemed to converse on the subject of
death with the same composure of mind as on any
other subject. In the morning of the day of his de-
parture, although the cold, gripping hand of death had
not fast hold of him, he was not the last terrified; but
rather grew happier, and said, if he should have
strength, when he saw his fingers turn black, he should
shout aloud; and so it was, for when the purple fluid
ceased to flow in his hands and arms, and they began
to turn a dark color, he was heard in another room to
clap his hands for joy. About five minutes before he
expired, he looked up to those around him and said,
Praise God! praise God! which were the last words
he was heard to utter: He then closed his eyes, with-
out a struggle or a groan; while his spirit triumphantly
ascended, borne by attending angels through the
rainless ether to the paradise of God. His remains
were interred the following day, attended by a num-
berous congregation, who listened with solemn attention,
to a feeling and appropriate discourse, by the Rev.
John Gower, from Isaiah x. 30, 31. In the death of
Asa H. Thompson, the parents, brothers, sisters, and
church, sustain an irreparable loss. It is not an aged
and worn out preacher, nor a young man of ordinary
abilities, that has now left the field which is white, and
ready to harvest, and which loudly calls for more
laborers; but a young man of superior qualifications,
for extensive usefulness in the church of God. We
can only add--

"God moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform;
He plants His footsteps in the snow,
And leaves behind Him snow."
EZEKIEL ROBINSON.
Industry, Me. July 26, 1825.

FOR ZION'S HERALD.

MEMOIR OF MRS. MARY TOWER.

The subject of this memoir was born in Hull, Mass.
A. D. 1790. She was the eldest of eleven children,
three of whom, together with her parents, (Spencer
and Molly Binney,) have gone, with her, to receive
the promises. In about the 15th year of her age, she
obtained that hope which maketh not ashamed, viz. of
the forgiveness of her sins. This hope, in connexion
with faith and love, remained pregnant with immor-
tality, until lost in sight. Her repentance, I think I may
safely say, was never repented of. The pearl, which
is estimated of great price, never grew dim in her
possession; though cultivated, for many years, with
indefatigable assiduity.

Soon after her conversion, she became happily con-
nected in life with Mr. Moses Tower, of Hingham,
where, and with whom, she ever after lived, and be-
came the mother of five children, who are now left,
with their father, in their juvenile years, to mourn the
loss of their best earthly friend. The church which
she was a worthy member, most certainly acknowl-
edge their loss to be great indeed, while they call to
mind her unvaried attention to, and solicitude for
their welfare. While busied with more than a Mar-
tha's care, she was indeed a Mary at heart. Her
house, for many years, had been a home for the pious
of all denominations, and more especially for the ite-
rant preachers of the Methodist Episcopal Church. She
was one of those few, who gave to all their meat
in due season, or at least felt desirous so to do. In a
word, to speak without partiality or exaggeration, her
disposition would have done much more than her local
circumstances would admit of. She adorned her profes-
sion by letting her light shine in the morning of life,
which grew brighter and brighter until the evening;
when, by the assistance of those rays of heavenly light
which emanated from the Sun of Righteousness, she
could distinctly "read her title clear to mansions in
the skies." She had no desire to continue in the flesh,
but rather to depart and be with Christ, which, as she
was well assured, would be far better. She, howev-
er, waited with patience for the will of the Lord to be
done, which, as it appears, was, to close her mortal
eye to earthly cares, on the eve of the 12th of June,
1825--having lived 35 years, and realized an uncon-
mon share of the comforts as well as the evils incident
to human life.

Think on these things, gentle reader, and reflect
that, "In death's uncertainty, our danger lies!" They
stand like mercuries in every way, and kindly point
us to our journey's end! What day! what hour! but
knocks at human hearts to awake the soul to a sense of
future things! The moment we begin to live, that
moment we begin to die, and cradles rock us nearer
to the tomb! Soon, very soon, will our last enemy
call for us: he will reach forth his cold, icy, and re-
lentless hand, to gather us in also. And, though dis-
posed to recoil, it will be in vain. "He will sweep us
down in his hard couch, a coffin; he will convey us
away, in his black carriage, a hearse; and confine us
down in his lonesome dungeon, a grave; and there keep
us in chains of darkness and corruption, until the
judgment of the great day." A. B.

FOR ZION'S HERALD.

MINISTERS' DEPARTMENT.

PLAIN DEALING.

In the following letter, from the late Rev. John Wes-
ley, to Mr. J. T. we have a rare instance of mini-
sterial faithfulness. Happy would it be, for the
church of Christ, and happy for the souls of men,
were this "great plainness of speech" more in
vogue in these days of modern refinement.

"The plain reason why I did not design to speak with
you at Launceston, was, because I had no hope of do-
ing you good. I observed long ago, that you are not
patient of reproof. And I fear you are now less so than
ever. But since you desire it, I will tell you once
more what I think, fear, or hear concerning you.
"I think you tasted of the powers of the world to
come 13 or 14 years ago, and was then simple of
heart, and willing to spend and be spent for Christ.
But not long after, not being sufficiently on your
guard, you suffered loss by being applauded. This

revived and increased your natural vanity, which was
the harder to be checked, because of your constitu-
tional stubbornness. Two deadly enemies which
have lain in wait for you many years, and have given
you many deep, if not mortal, wounds.

"I fear, it is near ten years since you was so weak-
ened by these, that you no longer set a watch over
your mouth, but began frequently to speak what was
not strictly true, to excuse yourself, divert others, or
gain applause. I am afraid this has prevailed over
you more and more, as there was less and less of the
life of God in the soul: So that I should almost won-
der if you do not judge a diverting lie to be a very in-
nocent thing.

"After your first marriage, being not used to, nor
fond of reading, and not spending many hours in pri-
vate prayer, time grew heavy on your hands; espe-
cially as you could not bear the cross of being a regu-
lar travelling preacher: So you betook yourself to
farming, and other country employments, and grew
more and more dead to God. Especially when you
began to keep company (whether by necessity or
choice) with the men "whose talk is of bullocks,"
who have little to do either with religion or reason,
and have but just wit enough to smoke, drink, and
blatter you.

"By these dull wretches you have been an unspeak-
able loser. Perhaps it was in company with some of
these, that you first thought of taking a little sport,
and catching a few fish, or killing a partridge or a
hare. Miserable employment for a preacher of the
gospel! for a Methodist preacher above all others!
Though I do not at all wonder, if after practising it
for some time, you should be so infatuated as even to
defend it. I am afraid these same poor creatures af-
terwards taught you, (if that report be true,) even to
countenance that wickedness for which Cornwall
stinks in the nostrils of all who fear God, or love
King George: I mean that of smuggling; though
surely they could not persuade you to receive stolen
goods! That is an iniquity to be punished by the
judges. Is there any truth in that other charge (you
must not ask who tells me; if so, I have done) that
you imposed on Mrs. H., in the writings; and
fraudulently procured 1000*l.* a year to be engaged for,
instead of 500*l.*? I hope this was a mistake: as
well as that assertion, that you encouraged drunken-
ness, by suffering it in your company, if not in your
own house.

"O remember from whence you are fallen! repent
and do the first works! First recover the life of God in
your own soul, and walk as Christ walked. Walk
with God as you did twelve years ago. Then you
might again be useful to his children. Supposing you
were truly alive to God yourself, how profitably then
(leaving the dead to bury their dead) might you spend
three months in a year at Bristol, or London, three in
Cornwall, and six in spreading the gospel wherever
it might be needful. I have now told you all that is
in my heart. I hope you will receive it, not only with
patience but profit.

"You must be much in the way, or much out of
the way: a good soldier for God, or for the devil. O
choose the better part! now! to-day!"
"I am your affectionate brother,
"JOHN WESLEY."

ANECDOTE OF DR. FINLEY.

At the late anniversary of the Nassau Hall Tract
Society, the Rev. Dr. Miller related the following an-
ecdote of President Finley.

I remember once, said Dr. M. to have witnessed a
scene in which President Finley was concerned, and
to have heard a speech from his lips which I shall never
forget, and which appears to me peculiarly applica-
ble to this subject, and to the present occasion.
Happening to be with him at the house of a common
friend, a gentleman came in who was known to be so-
liciting donations for an important religious object in
a distant part of the country. The gentleman spoke
familiarly of the subject, and of his being authorized
to solicit donations for it; but the persons present be-
lieving chiefly clergyman, he did not appear to expect
any thing from them, and, therefore, did not exhibit
his subscription paper. When the greater part of the
company had withdrawn, however, Dr. Finley, ap-
proaching him, said, in that mild, unostentatious man-
ner for which he was remarkable, "My friend, let
me see your paper. Why are you so backward to
produce it? It is true I have but little to give: but
I consider it a privilege and an honor, as far as the
Lord affords me the opportunity, to have, if I but
single nail, in every edifice that is going up for
Christ."

YOUTH'S DEPARTMENT.

FROM THE CONNECTICUT MIRROR.

Some late unhappy occurrences give an additional interest to
the following beautiful lines.

THE BURIAL OF THE YOUNG.
There was an open grave--and in any eye
Look'd down upon it. Show the latest lease
Mould'd on, as if reluctantly it lay.
The young, unwept of form, to that cold couch
Which age and sorrow render sweet to man.
--There seem'd a sadness in the humid air,
Lifting the long grass from those verdant mounds
Where slumber multitudes--

There was a train
Of young fair females, with their brows of bloom,
And shining tresses. Arm in arm they came,
And stood upon the brink of that dark pit,
In pensive beauty waiting the approach
Of their companion. She was wont to fly,
And meet them, as the gay birds meet the spring,
Brushing the dew drop from the morning flowers,
And breathing mirth and gladness. Now she came
With movements fashion'd to the deep-ton'd bell--
She came with mourning sobs and sorrowing friends--
And tears of those who at her side were nurs'd
By the same mother.

Ah! and one was there,
Who ere the fading of the summer rose
Had hop'd to greet her as his bride. But death
Arose between them. The pale lover watch'd
So close, her journey through the shadowy vale,
That almost to his heart, the ice of death
Entered from hers. There was a brilliant flush
Of youth about her--and her kindling eye
Pour'd such unearthly light, that hope would hang
Even on the archer's arrow, while it dropp'd
Deep poison. Many a restless night she told
For that bright breath which held her from the tomb,
Still wasting like a snow-wreath, which the sun
Marks for his own, on some cool mountain's breast,
Yet spares, and tinges long with rosy light.
--O'er'er the musings of her silent couch,
Came visions of that nation from which bent
With nursing tenderness to sooth and bless
Her cradle dream; and her enaciate hand
In trembling prayer she rais'd--that he who sav'd
The sainted mother would redeem the child.
Was the orison lost? Whence then that peace
So dove-like, stealing o'er a soul that lov'd
Earth and its pleasures?--Whence that angel smile
With which the allumens of a world so dear
Were counted and resign'd? that eloquence
So fondly urging those whose hearts were full
Of sublimity, to seek
A better portion? Whence that voice of joy
Which from the marble lip in life's last strife
Burst forth, to hail her everlasting home?
Cold reasoners! be convinc'd. And when ye stand
Where that fair brow and those unfrosted locks
Return to dust--where the young sleeper waits
The resurrection morn--Oh! lift the heart
In praise to Him who gave the victory.

MISCELLANY.

FOR ZION'S HERALD.

Mr. BADGER,
Sir--I have always read with pleasure and interest
every thing I have as yet seen from the pen of that great
and excellent man, Dr. Rush; and as I think the fol-
lowing piece, taken from his "Essays," would be gen-
erally interesting, I transcribe it for the Herald, if
you should think proper to insert it.
Yours,
J. SANBORN.

THE PARADISE OF NEGRO SLAVES.

The Dr. proceeds--"Soon after reading Mr. Clark-
son's ingenious and pathetic essay on the slavery and
commerce of the human species, the subject made
so deep an impression on my mind, that it followed
me in my sleep, and produced a dream of so extraordi-
nary a nature, that I have yielded to the importuni-
ties of some of my friends, by committing it to the
public. I thought I was conducted to a country,
which, in point of cultivation and scenery, far sur-
passed any thing I had ever heard or read of in my life.
This country I found, was inhabited only by negroes.
They appeared cheerful and happy. Upon my ap-
proaching a beautiful grove, where a number of them
were assembled for religious purposes, I perceived at
once a pause in their exercises, and an appearance of
general uneasiness. They fixed their eyes on me--
while one of them, a venerable looking man, came
forward, and in the name of the whole assembly, ad-
dressed me in the following language: 'Excuse the
panic which you have spread through this peaceful and
happy company. We perceive that you are a white
man. That color which is the emblem of innocence
in every other creature of God, is to us a sign of guilt
man. The persons whom you see here, were once drag-
ged by the men of your color from their native coun-
try, and consigned by them to labor, punishment, and
death. We are here collected together, and enjoy an
ample compensation in our present employments for
all the miseries we endured on earth. We know that
we are secured by the Being whom we worship, from
injury and oppression. Our appearance of terror,
therefore, was entirely the sudden effect of habits
which have not yet been eradicated from our minds.'
Your apprehensions of danger from the sight of a
white man, said I, are natural. But in me, you be-
hold a friend. I have been your advocate, and--
Here he interrupted me, and said, 'is not your name
--?' I answered in the affirmative. Upon this
he ran up and embraced me in his arms, and af-
terwards conducted me into the midst of the assembly,
where, after being introduced to the principal charac-
ters, I was seated upon a bank of moss; and the fol-
lowing account was delivered me by the venerable
person who first accosted me.

"The place we now occupy, is called the *paradise*
of negro slaves. It is destined to be our place of re-
sidence till the general judgment; after which time,
we expect to be admitted into higher and more per-
fect degrees of happiness. Here we derive great
pleasure from contemplating the infinite goodness of
God, in allotting to us our full proportion of misery
on earth, by which means we have escaped the
punishments to which the free and happy part of man-
kind too often expose themselves after death. Here
we have learned to thank God for all the afflictions
our task masters heaped on us; inasmuch as they were
the means of our present happiness. Pain and distress
are the unavoidable portions of all mankind. They
are the only possible avenues that can conduct them
to peace and felicity. Happy are they, who partake
of their proportion of both on earth." Here he
ended.

"After a silence of a few minutes, a young man,
who bore on his head the mark of a wound, came up
to me, and asked, 'if I knew anything of Mr. --
of the island of --?' I told him I did not. 'Mr. --'
said he, 'was my master. One day, I mistook
his orders, and saddled his mare instead of his horse,
which provoked him so much, that he took up an axe
which laid in his yard, and with a stroke on my head
dismissed me from life. I long to hear whether he
has repented of this unkind action. Do, sir, write
him, and tell him his sin is not too great to be forgiven.
Tell him his own miserable slave, Scipio, is not angry
at him--he longs to bear his prayers to the offended
majesty of heaven--and, when he dies, Scipio will
apply to be one of the convoy, that shall conduct his
spirit to the regions of bliss, appointed for those who
repent of their iniquities.'"

"Before I could reply to this speech, an old man
came and sat down by my side. His wool was white as
snow. With a low but gentle voice, he thus address-
ed me.
"Sir, I was the slave of Mr. --, in the island
of --. I served him faithfully upwards of 80
years. No rising sun ever caught me in my cabin--
no setting sun ever saw me out of the sugar field, ex-
cept on Sundays, and holidays. My whole subsist-
ence never cost my master more than forty shillings a
year. Herrings and roots were my only food. One
day, in my eightieth year, the overseer saw me stop
to rest myself against the side of a tree, where I was
at work. He came up to me, and beat me till he
could no longer endure the fatigue and heat occasioned
by the blows he gave me. Nor was this all--he
complained of me to his master, who instantly set me
up at public vendue, and sold me for two guineas to
a tavern keeper in a distant parish. The distress I
felt, at leaving my children, and grand children, (28
of whom I left on my old master's plantation,) soon put
an end to my existence, and landed me on these hap-
py shores. I have now no wish to gratify, but one--
and that is, to be permitted to visit my old master's
family. I long to tell my master, that his wealth can-
not make him happy--that the sufferings of a single
hour in the world of misery, for which he is preparing
himself, will overbalance all the pleasures he ever
enjoyed in his life--and that for every act of unneces-
sary severity he inflicts on his slaves, he shall suffer
tenfold in the world to come."

"He had hardly finished his tale, when a decent
looking woman came forward, and addressed me in the
following language.
"Sir, I was once the slave of Mr. --, in the
state of --. From the unhealthiness of my con-
stitution, I was called upon to suckle my master's
eldest son. To enable me to perform this office more
effectually, my own child was taken from my breast,
and soon afterwards died. My affections, in the first
emotions of my grief, fastened themselves upon my in-
fant master. He thrived under my care, and grew up
to a handsome young man. Upon the death of his
father, I became his property. Soon after this event,
he lost 100*l.* at cards. To raise this money, I was
sold to a planter in a neighboring state. I can never
forget the anguish with which my aged father and
mother followed me to the end of the lane, when I left
my master's house, and hung upon me when they bid
me farewell."

"My new master obliged me to work in the field;
the consequence of which, was, I caught a fever, which
in a few weeks ended my life. Say, my friend, is my
first young master alive? If he is, go to him, and tell
him, his unkind behavior to me is on record against
him. The gentle spirits in heaven, whose happiness
consists in expressions of gratitude and love, will have
no fellowship with him. His soul must be melted
with pity and contrition, or he can never escape the
punishment which awaits the hard hearted, equally
with the impenitent, in the regions of misery."

"As soon as she had finished her story, a middle
aged woman approached me, and after a low and re-
spectful courtesy, thus addressed me.
"Sir, I was born and educated in a Christian fam-
ily, in one of the southern states of America. In the
thirty-third year of my age, I applied to my master to
purchase my freedom. Instead of granting my re-
quest, he conveyed me, by force, on board of a vessel,

and sold me to a planter, in the island of Hispaniola.
Here it pleased God! Upon pronouncing these
words, she paused, and a general silence ensued. All
at once, the eyes of the whole assembly were turned
from me, and directed towards a little white man who
advanced towards them, on the opposite side of the
grove, in which we were seated. His face was pale,
placid, and full of benignity. In one hand he held a
subscription paper, and a petition; in the other, he
carried a small pamphlet, on the unlawfulness of the
African slave trade, and a letter directed to the king
of Prussia, upon the unlawfulness of war. While
I was employed in contemplating this venerable figure,
suddenly I beheld the whole assembly running towards
him--the air resounded with the clapping of hands,
and I awoke from my dream, by the noise of a general
acclamation of--

THE GATHERER.

"To the home of my childhood in sorrow I came,
And fondly expected to find it the same,
Full of sunshine and joy as I thought it to be
When the world was all joy and sunshine to me."
The spot of earth that was our home in childhood
always takes fast hold of our affections, and our de-
arest friends are remembered with the warmest affec-
tion. When trials press around us, and troubles cross our
pathway, as we pursue our journey to the consumma-
tion of our destinies, we turn to the precious heritages
of our fathers, still robe in its fadeless green,
as the only bright abode in the wide world, and here
in the contemplation of its remembered loveliness, we
half the pain and tumult of the present; and, when
the friends of latter years, grow faint and
deceive us, the light of youthful friendships, sum-
mered in the distance, grows brighter and still more
bright, as the stars that glistened in the twilight
blazes in all its native lustre, when the colored
shades of the night crowd into the deep bosom of
heaven.

If we consider the present state of the world, it
will be found, that all confidence is lost among mankind,
that no man ventures to act where money can be en-
dangered, upon the faith of another. It is impossi-
ble to see the long scrolls in which every contract is re-
corded, without wondering at the depravity of those be-
ings who must be restrained from violation of prom-
ises by such formal and public evidences, and preclude
from equivocation and subterfuge by such punctilious
minutes. Among all the satires to which folly at
wickedness has given occasion, none is equally severe
with a bond or a settlement.

The certainty that life cannot be long, and the
probability that it will be much shorter than we
allow, ought to awaken every man to the active pur-
sue of whatever he is desirous to perform. It is a
truth that no diligence can ascertain success; death
may intercept the swiftest career; but he who is en-
gaged in the execution of an honest undertaking, has at
least the honor of falling in his rank, and has kept
the battle, though he missed the victory.

They that are professors only, and make show
of religion for sinister ends, are like Orpah: in time
of affliction they will kiss their mother and be gone; they
will soon take leave of the Church of God. But they
that are true Christians are like Ruth; they will
cleave to her, stay by her, live and die with her, and
never depart from her.

I am not afraid of those tender and scrupulous con-
sciences, who are over cautious of professing and be-
lieving too much; if they are sincerely in the wrong,
I forgive their errors, and respect their integrity. The
men I am afraid of are the men who believe every
thing, who subscribe every thing, and who vote for
every thing.--Bishop Shipley.

The chief art of learning, as Locke has observed,
is to attempt but little at a time. The widest ex-
tensions of the mind are made by short flights, fre-
quently repeated; the most lofty fabrics of science are
formed by the continued accumulation of single propo-
sitions.

Warning to Gamblers.--The Report of the Nassau
Hall Tract Society, read at the annual meeting in
Princeton, on the 30th ult. relates the following an-
ecdote in illustration of the good effects resulting from
the distribution of Tracts.

"One of the almoners of the Society," says the re-
port, "was permitted to witness, for his own encour-
agement, and has reported for ours, a remarkable in-
stance of the force of truth, when presented in the
unpretending form of a tract. This gentleman ob-
served a club of gamblers, deeply interested in their
infatuating and mischievous game. By means of a
child, he conveyed to the gaming table a tract, en-
titled 'A Warning to Gamblers.' It caught the eye
of one less engaged than the rest, who took it up and
began to read it aloud. The weight of the sentiments,
the vivacity of its style, and the singular and alarm-
ing nature of some of the facts narrated, excited the
attention of his comrades. Its solemn truths impre-
ssed their minds. At once, they unanimously desisted
from their sport, destroyed their cards, and repaired
to a religious meeting held that evening in the neigh-
borhood. They were apparently much affected, and
with solicitude requested more tracts."

ANECDOTES OF MR. SUMMERFIELD.

It is said of the late Mr. Summerfield, that being
asked by a bishop where he was born, he replied, "I
was born in England, and born again in Ireland."

"What do you mean?" inquired the bishop. "At
thou a master in Israel, and knowest not these things?"
was the reply.
Mr. Summerfield's first serious impressions began
when going home one night from the card table. He
was suddenly struck with the iniquity of his conduct.
His heart labored with the most urgent conviction,
but he was absolutely ashamed to disclose his feelings.
While the hidden fire was smothered within, a Meth-
odist class leader happened to suspect, from his un-
usual appearance, that something serious was work-
ing in his mind, and with characteristic vigilance and
attention sought the cause of it, and found the young
man in distress for his soul! He advised him to attend
their class meeting, and perhaps he might obtain com-
fort; encouraging him to seek the Saviour of sinners.
He did attend, and God met him in mercy, and made
him a chosen vessel to bear salvation to thousands.

Mr. Summerfield, says a writer in the Boston Re-
corder, stated one fact to me, which, while it is very
surprising, is very encouraging to those who may be
tempted to despond under the influence of physical
disabilities. He said, that when he was a boy, his
speech was so much obstructed by a disagreeable